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EIGHT DAYS
WITH THE SPIRITUALISTS:

OR,

WHAT LED ME TO THE SUBJECT—WHAT I HEARD—
WHAT I SAW—AND MY CONCLUSIONS.

BY

JAMES GILLINGHAM,

Surgical Mechanist,

Author of "The Seat of the Soul," &c.

PRICE EIGHTPENCE.

CHARD:

T. YOUNG, PRINTER AND BOOKSELLER, FORE STREET.
LONDON:

F. PITMAN, 20, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1872.

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(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)
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“The spirit-world is the soul of the natural universe, and the only source of the life of that soul is God. Just as the body of a man not only lives from a man’s soul, but is also preserved by its connection with the soul, so the existence and preservation of the natural world is secured by its connection with, and consequent nearness to, the spiritual world, the glorious places of which are Heaven.”

“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him.”

“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister?”

“Seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses.”

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EIGHT DAYS WITH THE SPIRITUALISTS.

MODERN spiritualism is a subject which at the present time is engaging much of public attention. Scientific and literary men of all classes are inquiring into the matter, in order that they may test its truthfulness, or expose it as an imposition. There is already a long list of distinguished men (whom we take as authorities on other momentous questions) convinced that spiritualism in itself is a truth, and that there is a force in existence yet unknown by the general body of mankind, and that this force does not as yet come under any known or recognised law. It is already the conviction amongst not a few distinguished men that spiritualism—called by some Psychic Force—is now in its bud and infancy, and that when wrested from the hands of impostors, and freed from the rubbish in which it is buried, it will in the centuries to come, if not in our own time, become one of the grandest and most sublime sciences we have.

Like others anxious for truth on this subject, I have been led to investigate the matter, and this every honest man should do before he considers himself competent to give an opinion on the question. In this pamphlet I shall endeavour to give my experience and the results of my short investigation of the matter; and I trust this little work will not be without instruction and profit to its reader. I shall point out what I think is truth and what I think is falsehood, and I will also warn against the dangers that lie on the track of this great subject. If you are not already acquainted with any of the facts of spiritualism, I feel assured that the report I am about to offer will give you such an insight as will prepare you for the crisis which must sooner or later come upon this question. Before entering fully into the matter, I will

state first under what circumstances I was led to inquire into it. Secondly, the secondary evidence I have gleaned from reliable sources. Thirdly, my own experience and investigation of the matter. And lastly, my own conclusions on the subject.

First, then, what led me to investigate spiritualism? In the course of my practice as a Surgical Mechanist, I met with a number of persons who had suffered the amputation of their limbs, and the experience of every person that has lost a limb is that he still feels the existence of the limb when the natural member is removed, and, notwithstanding that a patient may have lost a limb for fifty years, he still feels conscious of the existence of the limb, and that it occupies the same space as the natural one did, and is at the same distance from the body as before amputated; that is to say, if a patient had his shoulder-blade and arm taken away altogether, he still feels his arm and hand as he always did when clothed with matter; not only so, the hand and arm that he cannot see are more sensitive than the member which he can see. Thus to him the existence of a spiritual arm is a mental fact. Further, if a man with a limb off were to place the end of his stump against an iron plate or stone wall, his leg or arm would be felt through the wall on the other side, and this must be the case if the soul is immaterial. From a mass of facts connected with other cases, such as from blind, deaf, dumb, and paralysed patients, I was led to the conclusion that these facts taught a momentous truth—That the soul was the man, that the body was the clothing that fitted to the shape of the man, and that when a part of the material clothing was taken, whether it be leg or arm, the spiritual limb was not taken, nor separated, but it remained intact, connected to the soul, in spite of any accident that happened to the body. There is no feeling in the material limb taken; the body cannot feel any more than can the matter of this table that I am writing on. What is it, then, that does feel? Why, the spirit. What other conclusion could I come to than that a man feels his spiritual limbs after the material ones are amputated, simply because the spiritual limbs belong to him, but the material ones do not belong to the real man, any more than any other matter. Thus the soul which is developed in the body, clothes itself as with a garment; that garment, which comes from the dust and returns to the dust, is used a vehicle while in this natural world, where it exists under natural recognised laws; but when the man—the soul—has become developed, the body—the

capsule—splits and gravitates to the earth—to the dust from whence it came, but the soul, stamped and made in the image of its Maker, passes into the spirit-world, where it still progresses under laws perfectly natural to its new state, but supernatural to the world it has left. Thus I infer that the soul of a man has the same identity as his body, that the soul fills and builds every atom of man's structure, and is not a mere myth, a spot, or speck in the heart or brain, which means no soul at all, but that the soul is the true spiritual being, the man. I found my inferences verified by the scriptures, for "there is," says the Apostle, "a spiritual body and a natural body," and one is as distinct from the other as earth is from heaven. After being satisfied of the truth of my inferences (which inferences, I admit, I could not have drawn had I not some knowledge of the scriptures), I was induced to write the work entitled "The Seat of the Soul and its Immortality," which was by many objected to; but still convinced of the truth of what I had written (and I wrote for no object but truth), I took the objections and answered them in another work which is appended to my first, as it is no use for a man to start a theory if he cannot stand and defend it when attacked. My little book was widely reviewed by the press. By one part it was commended, by the other I was considered a charlatan, an enthusiast, and gone mad. This is what every author must expect when he treats of a new subject; still it takes no effect upon me, or I should not be now giving another edition. The little work fell into the hands of some spiritualists, and it was reviewed in one of their organs, *The Medium or Day-break*, Oct. 7th, 1870, of which I quote a paragraph :—"Mr. Gillingham's book, 'The Seat of the Soul,' is calculated to bring the matter of spiritualism prominently before the world, as the author does not ally himself with spiritualism as a movement. There is nothing new to the spiritualists in this book, but it answers many questions and objections of a scriptural character which will be of great value to the general reader, &c." I was completely startled when I read the above, and was perfectly ignorant that I had written a work on spiritualism, as my object was alone the immortality of the soul. As I knew nothing of spiritualists nor spiritualism, having considered them impostors given to witchcraft and trickery, I turned to see how they could get hold of the facts I had written about, as they said I had written nothing new to them. I accordingly ordered, through my bookseller, some of their weekly periodicals,

and on perusing them was perfectly thunderstruck to find that they had worked out the same truth as myself, from an entirely different branch of natural science ; and these inferences on the soul question, drawn from two opposite branches, were to me two witnesses confirming one grand truth. Now I set to work to look more deeply into the matter, and read all I could for and against the subject, as by seeing both sides of the picture I should be more satisfied as to the truth or falsehood of spiritualism. At the time that the experiments were performed by Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., Mr. Huggins, F.R.S., and Mr. Serjeant Cox, with a view to test Mr. D. Home's mediumistic powers (a report of which appeared in the *Science Quarterly Review*), the experiments were of such a character as to result in the discovery of a new force, to which they gave the name of "Psychic Force," and when an account of this new force appeared, these scientific men were considered to have been humbugged, or that they were labouring under delusion, delirium, or some other mental disease for which I can find no name. However, on reading the reports, I posted a copy of my book, "The Seat of the Soul," to each of these gentlemen. Shortly after, I received a letter from Mr. Serjeant Cox, from which I give the following extract :—

1, Sussex Court, Temple, 3rd August, 1871.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your letter and pamphlet, which I have read with great interest. Your views are exactly in accordance with my own on the subject of the soul, as pervading the whole body and not lurking in any one part, and also as being of the same shape as the body. In fact, my opinion is that the soul builds the body and clothes itself with flesh as with a garment, and that the cutting off the leg or arm does not cut off a piece of the soul. Your observations confirm my theory.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

EDWD. WM. COX.

I have published the above part of Mr. Cox's letter to show he has worked out the same facts in his psychic experiments as myself, and also to show you that those gentlemen who are bent upon truth have begun to investigate the matter on a scientific basis, and have given it the name of "Psychic Force" until a further investigation of the matter is made. While, on the one hand, many of the physical manifestations may be the work of the

medium, there is another point which cannot be explained, that is, the getting of an intelligent answer to an intelligent question through the medium of the table; as the giving an intelligent answer must be an intelligent act—the result of mind—and comes from a source independent of and apart from any person forming a circle; and such results are constantly being manifested in circles where no sitter could be a party to trickery or falsehood.

After receiving such a letter from Mr. Serjeant Cox, confirmatory of what I had written on the seat of the soul, I became still more anxious to investigate this new Psychic Force, which by the spiritualists is called spiritualism.

I have given you what led me to inquiry into the subject. I now give you the secondary evidence, which I have gleaned from reliable sources. The first to give me information from experience after my spirit of inquiry was aroused, was a gentleman, a Congregational Minister who officiated at Chard. "I went," he says, "with my brother, to Mrs. Marshall's *seance* in London, to test the truth of spiritualism. All present were strangers to me and my brother. We put questions that are usually put as tests. I asked the medium what my father's name was. The reply was, L——, but he is dead, he died at such an age and date. Now both my brother and I were doubtful about the answer; we went to the cemetery on our return home, and on the stone that had been erected some years we found the age and date correct. 'What is the name of my sister-in-law?' Two christian names were given, and her correct surname. Neither I nor my brother were aware that she had two christian names, as she was always called by one. We wrote to Cardiff and inquired of her. She said, 'Though only called by one name, I was registered with two christian names.' These names were precisely those given by the medium. 'Now you profess to give spirit messages from the spirit world; I should like a message from my mother.' I took my own card from my pocket, placed it under the leg of the table, and placed a piece of pencil up the hollow of the leg, as requested, and in less time than it was possible for human hand to write, I took up my card beautifully written all over in my mother's writing; it was in her touching style and words, and she referred to her death in child-birth, and to my brother, then at my side, who was spared at her death; and she said she had watched over him and guarded him in all his growing up. Now who there could have known the circumstances of my mother's death?—No one. Now

to perform such feats as these involves an intelligent act ; we were told things we did not know, therefore the thoughts could not be caught from our own minds and sent back again to us as in mesmerism, We went to the meeting sceptics ; we came back converts : and who would not ? ”

The next that gave me information on the subject was a clergyman from London, who officiated at Chard. These two gentlemen being heralds of the truth, I had more faith in their statements than I should in ordinary persons. He informed me “that there was certainly some truth in the matter, though, like all other profound subjects, for the present it was enveloped in deep mystery. This I know, I have a lady and gentleman, near friends of mine, and members of my congregation. They had lost a beloved child, and sat, as spiritualists, at the table for manifestations. A piece of pencil and a sheet of paper were laid on the table. Wishing for communion with their departed one, they sat for some time, and many times without success ; but one evening, as they were sitting, a power was manifested : the pencil was taken up by an unseen hand, and it glided rapidly over the paper. When one piece was full, another and another were placed on the table in succession, until there were several feet worked off. On examining the sheets they were drawn all over with beautiful flowers. These flowers have been shown to several eminent botanists, and they are unknown. I have seen the sheets.” To draw a flower must be an intelligent act !

The next gentleman I met with was a powerful medium, who called at my house with a patient. By coming in contact with him I felt that I had got at the very door of spiritualism ; and was anxious for his experience as a medium. He informed me that he had given it up for two years, as he found that it affected his health. “Does it injure in every case ?” “No ; but when a strong man sits in a circle with weak men, the weak draw strength from the strong, consequently the weak benefit on what the strong loses. Not only so, if any diseased person sits in the circle, there is a tendency in the whole circle to be infused with the affection. I only practised as a medium in my home circle, and with friends—in fact, all my family are mediums. I have a little girl who is more powerful than myself. She will set the table going in a short time by herself ; in fact, there was a time when we had not a table or chair in the house without legs broken. I also know a lady whose mediumistic emanations were

so strong that though a table was hung with weights so that five men could not lift it, yet under her influence it bounded over the room as if it were as light as a feather. Further, she once made a counter rise from the floor, and, being nailed, it wrenched up the boards of the floor to which it was secured. She, also, has given up the practice, as the drawing away so much vital energy and force from the body has materially affected her health."

"Now you have said something of physical manifestations, I should like some of the intellectual ones, so that I may be satisfied that it is the work of invisible, intelligent, thinking agents."

"Well, in my family we communicated through the alphabet. It mattered not how far I was from home, they could always tell where I was, what I had been doing, who I had seen, and the very moment of my return, and this as correctly as if they had witnessed it upon the spot when hundreds of miles from home."

"These are the actions of the living; now tell me if you really get communications from the departed."

"I will give you one fact which will suffice:—'Shortly after my taking up spiritualism, I requested to communicate with my little girl who had been dead some years. The controlling spirit at the table fetched her and brought her to me; she gave the signs of her presence. I called her by name, and said, 'My dear, if you are my child, give me some circumstance that occurred in your life-time, whereby I may know you are mine.' She gave the following:—'Once, on a journey on a hot day, I was thirsty; you called at a house by the way and asked for water. The old lady had no water, but she had some cold tea in the pot, if I would like it; and I drank out of it.' 'Quite true,' I replied; for when only part of the answer was given, I remembered the circumstance, and caught the rest. The thought struck me whether any evil spirit was personifying my mind, so I put another question for further proof, when she sent back the same answer *vice versa*, as much as to say, 'I am not personifying your mind, and I am your child.' I give you another instance of spirit intelligence:—'A stranger came into our town; I let him have fifty pounds worth of goods. On my return from delivering the goods, the family had just given over their sitting. My sister, who was a powerful medium, said 'There is a direct message for you.' 'What is it?' 'That man whom you have supplied with the goods is a rogue, and he is going to cheat you.' Well, I had as much faith in spiritualism as this, that I went again and demanded my goods, (which I had no right

to do), and would not go until I had them. In less than ten days this fellow went in and cheated my neighbours out of one hundred and ten pounds.' ”

After this, I met with another gentleman who knew a great deal on the question. I asked for one proof to be given that I could feel would be tangible, because I did not want humbug nor supposition, I wanted truth and proof. “Well, I will give you a proof of spirit communication. A friend I know—a widow—called on Mrs. Marshall when she paid a visit to Clifton. She said to Mrs. Marshall ‘Can you bring me a proof that my husband is still in existence?’ ‘Yes’ was the reply, ‘and we will call for him; he is now present. What test would you like to put?’ ‘I should like to test his hand-writing by his writing his name; I should know him as well by that as by any test I could put.’ The name was struck off by the pen of the medium in an instant, and on looking at it she said ‘I am satisfied that is my husband’s writing, I will swear to it.’ Other signatures are now brought, written in his life-time, and they are the fac-simile of each other.” Now you must admit that it would be a matter impossible to copy a man’s signature by a single dash of the pen in this way, and it could have been none other than the hand of her departed husband which could have executed it correctly.

The same gentleman said he was a personal friend of Mr. Home, and that Mr. Home placed himself, in the presence of two friends of his, under spirit control. He went to the fire, undid his neck-tie, made a few passes over his face, and, placing his hand in the blazing fire, took out a large live coal and held it in his hand. He said to his friend near, “Can you take it? If you have faith you can.” “Yes,” was the reply. It was then passed into the hand of my friend, and he held it. To which Mr. Home replied, “Thou hast prayed well, John.” Neither of their hands were scorched, neither had they the smell of fire. It is remarkable that all the natural laws that we recognise seem to be suspended under spirit influence: and I remarked it reminded me of the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, who were not scorched nor had the smell of fire. The analogy which some of the facts of scripture bear to the facts of spiritualism is most extraordinary; this I have given in the conclusions of this pamphlet.

EVIDENCE THAT SPIRITUALISM DESERVES INVESTIGATION.—*The Spiritualist*, Sept. 15, 1871.—The testimony of reliable and respectable witnesses that the phenomena of spiritualism are actual

facts, and not imposture or delusion, nas of late years so accumulated as to possess very great weight. In the case of *Lyon v. Home*, Mr. Robert Chambers, Mr. C. F. Varley, Dr. Gully, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and others, all made affidavits strongly in favour of Mr. Home. The following is a portion of the affidavit of Mr. C. F. Varley, C.E., F.R.G.S., M.R.I.:—

“I have been a student of electricity, chemistry, and natural philosophy for twenty-six years, and a telegraphic engineer by profession for twenty-one years, and I am the consulting electrician of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and of the Electric and International Company.

“About eight years ago, I called on Mr. Home, the defendant in this suit, and stated that I had not yet witnessed any of the physical phenomena, but that I was a scientific man and wished to investigate them carefully.

“He immediately gave me every facility for the purpose, and desired me to satisfy myself in every possible way, and I have been with him on divers occasions when the phenomena have occurred. I have examined and tested them with him and with others, under conditions of my own choice, under a bright light, and have made the most jealous and searching scrutiny. I have been, since then, for seven months in America, where the subject attracts great attention and study, and where it is cultivated by some of the ablest men, and having experimented with and compared the forces with electricity and magnetism, and after having applied mechanical and mental tests, I entertain no doubt whatever that the manifestations which I have myself examined were not due to the operation of any of the recognised physical laws of nature, and that there has been present on the occasions above-mentioned some intelligence other than that of the medium and observers.”

I could give you a large amount of secondary evidence, but that which I have given must suffice. Now becoming still more anxious, as I had been led step by step to inquire into the matter, I resolved to investigate for myself; thus I now bring you to the third part of my subject—my own experience:—

On Monday, the 18th of September, 1871, I left home for London, that I might investigate for myself the science of spiritualism. On my arrival I found waiting for me a letter from a gentleman who occupies a prominent position in the literary world; he appointed to meet me at a *seance*. On my way to 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, where the *seance* was to be held, I met an old school-fellow who accompanied me. This is a public *seance* and held two or three times a week, and open to any one who likes to investigate the matter. The fee of entry is generally one shilling, sometimes half-a-crown. The *seance* is held in a room on the first floor, the room being furnished just as an ordinary sitting-room would be. Soon the gentleman I had to meet by

appointment came, and brought a large bunch of flowers with him. "I have brought them" he said "to see what is done with them, as we witness remarkable things sometimes." There was a somewhat large party present, a larger number than usual, most of whom were strangers to the phenomena. Soon Messrs. Herne and Williams, of Lamb's Conduit Street, came, who were the two controlling mediums. We were arranged around a long dining table which took up nearly the whole length of the room, the two mediums sitting one at each end. The flowers brought were placed up behind a picture at the back of Mr. Herne. Some paper cones or tubes were placed upon the table, through which the controlling spirits were said to communicate with the sitters in an audible voice. The lights, when all were seated, were put out, and we all united hands around the table so as to form a perfect circle. I sat near the medium, Mr. Williams, and my friend next. The influence did not operate as quickly as usual. I was asked to change my seat with another, when the influence soon began. Whether it was the work of the devil, the work of the mediums, or the work of departed spirits, I am not prepared to say, but you will have the facts. As all hands are united, it is to be supposed there was no room for trickery. The tubes on the table are taken up and heard to fall on the table; the flowers are now beginning to rustle up behind the picture, they are taken down by Kate, the controlling spirit, and pushed up into Mr. Herne's face, and there seemed to be quite a contest between him and Kate. Now John King comes, another controlling spirit, and shouts out through one of the paper trumpets in a boisterous voice, "good evening, gentlemen, there is a great deal of contrary influence here to night. Charity, charity, charity!" A chair from some part of the room was pitched over our heads into the centre of the table; next the music stool was pitched over our heads on the table in like manner; another chair was swung up to the ceiling and came down with a crash; then the easy chair was taken by Kate, put up on the side-board, and turned down on Mr. Herne's shoulders. Now a light was struck, and the things were to be seen upon the table as brought by some power. We were again put into the dark, the table became convulsed with rappings and rockings, the cover of the piano which stood in one corner of the room and was said to be locked is wrenched open, and the strumming of the piano begins, one string flies, and the cover is let down with a crash. Mr. Herne held the flowers as placed in his hand; I made a mental

request to myself that Kate should bring them to me, when the flowers came at once, and were placed in my lap from the opposite end of the table. John King is keeping up his conversation with the company. "Well" I said, "John, I have had a manifestation from Kate, I should now like one from you;" then John came and gave me three cracks on the head with the tube. I then requested that Kate should take the flowers and pass them to my Chard friend on the opposite side of the table, but my request was not responded to; I asked John King the reason, he said "your magnetism is too strong for her." "John, tell me what I have got in my side pocket." I had there a book of photographs of an invalid couch which I had come to London to patent. In reply to my question John said "he did not know." "Why, John?" "because I can't see." Now the chairs, hats, sticks, etc., etc., began to pour upon the table, after which John King said "good night." My friend said, "Don't go yet, John," to which John said, "Ah, Edward, there is a great deal of cross-examination here to night." This, the first *seance* in my experience, then broke up. Well, I left far from satisfied. I went to get truth, and I felt I had got husk, and I felt that such a round of manifestations was not profitable, nor by any means instructive, and that if the spirits of the departed have no nobler work to occupy their time about, it is frivolous and empty. If it is the work of spirits at all, they must belong to the inferior order. I left with the impression that it was the work, to a certain extent, of the mediums, and that we had all been humbugged. I do not say it was really so; but in penning this pamphlet, I shall give my honest conviction, whether that conviction is right or wrong. I examined the tubes after the *seance*, and spoke through them with another; though the voice of the gentleman who spoke through one tube—his natural voice—was different to mine, it was surprising how the two voices were modified into one voice when speaking through the tube. Whether the mediums threw their voices through the tubes, I cannot say, but the voices generally came in the direction of the mediums.

My second *seance* was on Wednesday night, at the same place. The meeting was controlled by two French lady mediums. There were also present my friend from Chard, two gentlemen from Leeds, Miss Fowler, a trance medium who had just arrived from America, a gentleman from Sicily who acted as interpreter, and myself. This *seance* was held in the light. A conversation took

place through the French ladies' mediumship and by means of the alphabet, and was kept up with the spirits of the departed. After sitting a short time, the medium asked if there were any spirits present; when three audible knocks were given, from some invisible source, on the table, in the affirmative. Several questions were asked in this way, and responded to. Miss Fowler said to the controlling spirit, "Can you saw?" And instantly was heard the saw going under the table. "We should like to hear the logs fall." You could hear when the saw was coming through, and the logs fall as they were cut off. "Now give us your name." Three knocks—"yes." The alphabet is now taken out in needle-work, and a pointed rod is pointed to the letters of the alphabet by the medium, repeating the alphabet orally—A, B, C,—when she came to C, a knock comes on the table. Began again—A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O,—when she comes to O, another knock comes. Begins again until she comes to R,—another knock comes. Begins again until she comes to D,—another knock comes. In like manner the alphabet is begun each time, until I and C are spelt out. The name given is CORDICK. "This is a spirit," said a gentleman, "that is generally present when I sit at a *seance*." An intelligent correspondence is now carried on in this way; and every word is spelt out as I have described, by the means of the alphabet. Though it may appear a rather tedious process, still that is lost sight of in the anxiety felt to get the message. Now I would remark that here is a point I cannot get over. It is this :—thousands of Christian people have such private *seances* in their own families, and they carry on an intelligent correspondence in this way. It may seem ridiculous to talk to a table, and to get intelligent answers to intelligent questions through the table; but it is so. Now, taking another view of the question, I cannot suppose that all who practice spiritualism are knaves, fools, and impostors: but there are those who practise it on whom we can rely. To get an intelligent answer to an intelligent question must be an intelligent act; and mark, intelligence is the result of mind and spirit, and is not magnetism nor electricity, though magnetism and electricity may be the medium through which the intelligence comes. But to turn to the *seance*: on the whole, this *seance* was not a fair test, because not of a satisfactory character, arising from French and English questions being crossed; probably some of the spirits present did not know French. However, I put one question, and

it was my impression that if the question were put, I should know what kind of answer to expect; thus the answer being upon my mind, would be transferred to the mind of the medium, as in mesmerism, and thus given back to me again through the alphabet; but instead of getting the answer I expected, I got an entirely different one to what I was thinking of, thus getting an answer quite the reverse; it at once disproved my opinion as to the transfer of thought. The *seance* having come to a close, I then had a short chat with Miss Fowler, the trance medium, who had just arrived from America. I noticed, while she was sitting, a twitching of her fingers, and that she caught them from the table quickly several times, and rubbed them as if scalded. I inquired the reason. She said the influence was taking possession of her, and that if she had not removed her hands she would have gone off in a trance. "Do you know what you are doing when in a trance?" "No; the spirit controlling answers the questions and gives the predictions, which are always truthful." "How do you feel under a trance?" "My eyes are fixed and turned up, and my brain seems to me to be pressed from my forehead back into my head. I predicted the Stowmarket explosion: that saved 800 lives. If you were to write any communication and place it on my forehead when in a trance, with the writing turned inwards, I could tell you what it was instantly; but when I came out of my trance I should be unconscious of any statement I had made. I know a medium who, if you were to take a letter before her closed, would write you its very contents, letter for letter, without seeing it or breaking the seal; or if you took any letter from the post-office, the contents of which it would be impossible for either to know, she would give every sentence correctly on a sheet of paper. You may then open the letter, and you will find the two letters to correspond. I know another medium, a gentleman, who, if you put a question, will give you a correct answer. His sleeve is drawn above his elbow, and the arm laid bare; as soon as the question is asked, the message or answer will rise on his arm from under the skin in letters of blood."

It is now past ten at night; but, still full of the subject, I take a ramble with the two gentlemen from Leeds. One of them is a spiritualist and a medium, who came to town to investigate like myself; but he said he got more satisfactory results at his own private *seance* at home than in town. This gentleman is well known in Leeds, and I can vouch for the honesty of his state-

ments. "I used," he said, "to pooh, pooh, at Spiritualism. Eight months ago I was induced to practice it ; we sat several nights a week after the general work of the day was over. My wife, myself, an eminent physician, and a gentleman of equal standing, sat round the table in the usual way, with our hands on it. My father is dead, my brother is dead, and a friend whom I loved as a brother is dead also. They come to us as soon as we call them and communicate through the alphabet ; we converse with them as I converse to you. My brother, when he comes, is the strongest, and he gives some tremendous lifts of the table. We ask what we are to do. Sometimes he tell us, through the alphabet, to begin by prayer, or by singing 'Shall we gather at the river,' thereby to get up a unity of feeling, and he generally asks us to read the 14th chapter of Luke, about the rising of Lazarus, after which we get sound instruction, and the best of advice as to our proceedings in life. We keep our *seances* private, as we have our convictions of the matter, and we do not want to be tabooed and lionised by our neighbours. My wife has been looking forward with pleasure to come to London with me for some time ; her box was packed the day previous to our leaving. On sitting at the table in the evening a direct message came that she was not to go to London. We asked 'Why?' The message came again, 'She is not to go to London.' We asked again, 'Why?' 'Cannot give the reason why, now.' We had as much faith in spiritualism as this, that my wife stopped at home, and I am come to London alone. Some times bad spirits come to the table and talk nonsense ; as soon as we get this we give up sitting directly. On one occasion, when my brother was controlling, he said, 'This is very hard work.' 'Why?' we asked. 'Because there are so many bad spirits present, and it is difficult to come to you ; and, I say, don't sit any more for a fortnight.' I have now given you this gentleman's testimony. On parting, we arranged to spend Thursday together.

Thursday morning, according to arrangement, I met my friend, and the first place we went to was the New British Gallery, Old Bond Street, to see Miss Houghton's spirit drawings. These marvellous productions filled the whole gallery. The exhibition of them has been open for four months, and closed on the 30th day of September last. To give you a full or an adequate conception of these marvellous productions of spirit-power would be impossible, as they are translucent, and so unlike anything that

is earthly. Not only so ; but they would be unmeaning to any one unacquainted with the facts of spiritualism. Some of the pictures resemble beautiful flowers and fruits, but these flowers and fruits are unknown to our botanists; they are natives of the spirit-realms. Do we not often sing this of heaven : "There everlasting spring abides," of "never-fading flowers," and of "fields of living green?" But do we mean or believe what we sing? Are not the words to many of us a farce and a myth, and we never perceive nor realise their spiritual truth. Other pictures appear like the finest chenille and lace work; others have endless evolutions, carried on in circles large and small; others strike and dash in straight lines diverging from centres, and go far beyond the margin of the picture, as if there were not sufficient space to execute the work. When magnified by a powerful glass, they still look beautifully perfect, and there are no blotches to be detected under the power of the glass, as in ordinary paintings. These productions have puzzled some of our best artists, as such harmony and blending of colours they have never yet been able to produce. Miss Houghton's hand, while drawing these pictures, was controlled by the spirit of Henry Lenny, a departed artist, and though she was conscious herself when she sat to draw, still she was perfectly unconscious of what was about to be done. The colours are mixed by the controlling spirit, and the picture drawn by the brush without any preliminary preparation. I will give you her own description, which I copy from her catalogue; but, before giving the extract, and while this thought referring to drawing is upon the mind, I would tell you that there are spirit writing-mediums : that is, when the writing-medium is under spirit control, if you ask a question the controlling spirit will take the hand of the medium as if it were its own, and dash you off an answer in an instant. The medium is perfectly unconscious of what she is writing; not only so, it is not her own hand-writing, but the hand-writing of the spirit that is controlling her, and if that spirit controlling is known, and you could get some of the writing done in his life-time, you would find the writing executed through the medium to be the *fac-simile* of it. Now, here, again, is the point : Here is an intelligent answer written out, and we are bound to admit that it must be an intelligent act. I have seen the writing myself from a writing medium, and the characters of many such mediums are such that they could not be a party to trickery or falsehood. Now

I turn to Miss Houghton's own description of her drawings :—

“To make the character and design of this Exhibition understood, I must explain that in the execution of the Drawings my hand has been entirely guided by Spirits, no idea being formed in my own mind as to what was going to be produced, nor did I know, when a stroke was commenced, whether it would be carried upwards or downwards. I will give a slight sketch of the manner in which the power came to myself, so as to aid others in their endeavours to be similarly successful.

In the summer of 1859 I first heard of the possibility of communion with the spirits of those who have passed away from the mortal form ; and having received proofs that it was indeed a reality, I was anxious to obtain the gift of mediumship, to be thus reunited to the many dear ones whom I had lost, and still bewailed. For three months mamma and I sat for about half an hour each evening at a small table, with our hands resting lightly upon it, and at the expiration of that period, we were rewarded for our patience by the table being gently tipped towards me, and having messages thus given to us by means of the alphabet. We were then told by the communicating spirits that we must not rush headlong into this new joy, but must use it soberly, and that we were only to have our *seance* once a week, Sunday evening being the best, as we then should be less disturbed by evil influences. I was also always to “try the spirits” according to the directions given 1 John iv., 1, 2, 3. “Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God : because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God : every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God ; but every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God ;” Which text receives additional strength by being compared with 1 Corinthians xii., 3. “And no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.”

I adhered closely to all these directions, and we thus went on quietly for above a year, when I got a planchette, and our messages were then written with that aid. In July, 1861, I heard of Mrs. Wilkinson's spirit drawings, so on the evening of the 20th, I asked whether my sister Zilla, who had been an accomplished artist while upon earth, could guide my hand for spiritual work, but neither she nor my brother Cecil (whom I asked as he was about the age of Mrs. Wilkinson's young son, who was her guiding spirit) could be permitted to do it, but Cecil then brought Henry Lenny, who had been a deaf and dumb artist, and he immediately controlled my hand, which was resting on the planchette, to form various curved lines, after which I was impressed to remove the black lead pencil, and replace it with a blue one, with which he worked upon the same piece of paper, No. 1 ; and I obtained leave to sit every evening for the purpose of drawing. When the first three sheets had been filled, I asked my guide to do a flower, which he did, and then wrote the name of it on another piece of paper. After a few day's work, I was desired to take the pencil in my hand, instead of using the planchette ; thus another step was gained, and on the 6th of August I began with colours, having on the previous day been told to put a sheet of paper into the drawing-board in readiness, and from that time I have continued to do them in water colours, without any kind of preliminary pencil sketch.

I earnestly hope that some of the visitors to this gallery, who have leisure

to devote themselves to it, will go home, and try to obtain this delightful gift, but they must bear in mind that extreme patience and perseverance are needed for all spiritual work. In my own case, the drawing power would appear to have come with very great rapidity, but they must remember that I had already been a medium for upwards of a year and a half, after having steadily striven for it during three months. For the drawing phase I was also prepared by my own earthly training, having devoted the chief part of my life to that accomplishment, until Zilla's death, in 1851, so crushed me, that I felt as if I should never again use pencil or brush. The spirits say that when once the fact is acknowledged that they can work through a mortal hand, it is not really more surprising when they draw through a medium who has not learned than through one who has; they can, of course, better guide the trained hand, and make a more speedy progress if they are thus relieved from all the elementary part, which must be gone through, for no person can spring, at one bound, to a pinnacle of heart perfection, any more than an acorn can in one season become a widely spreading oak.

I have numbered the drawings chronologically for a double purpose. In the first place the character of the work is so totally unlike all mortal experience, that the eye, even of an artist, will better appreciate the later ones, by being led up to them by the gradual changes of style, and secondly, because the spiritual significance deepened in proportion with my own development. The early ones are but very faint shadows of what they are intended to represent, because my own spirit was still too much clogged with earthliness to grasp the hidden mysteries beyond the veil, or even to have them portrayed through my mediumship."—GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

VARIOUS NOTES AS COPIED FROM CATALOGUE.

When the water-colour drawings were commenced, I gradually gained faint glimmerings of their meaning, but nothing detailed except the positive fact that they were representations of real objects growing in spirit regions, and not simply allegorical, as I had thought probable. After the lapse of a few months, I began to receive the interpretations inspirationally, and I will by degrees present the leading thoughts.

SPIRIT FLOWERS.—Simultaneously with the birth of a child into the earth life, a flower springs up in spirit realms, which grows day by day in conformity with the infant's awakening powers, expressing them by colour and form, until by degrees the character and life stand revealed in the floral emblem; each tint, whether strong or delicate, being clearly understood by spirit beholders; each petal, floret, fibre, and filament, shewing forth, like an open book, the sentiments and motives, however complicated, of the human prototype. But to dwellers upon earth the pictured representations require interpreting, but we can only faintly shadow forth, either in colours or words, these

drawings being but miniatures of the realities, which far exceed them in their glorious hues, and have a speech transcending mortal language. Yellow filaments issue from the heart of the flower, recording each action of the life, such as are good rising as a sweet incense to heaven, the faulty, or evil, going downwards. The leaves express the temper.

SPIRIT FRUITS.—The fruit, which corresponds to the earthly term of the heart, represents the inner life, with its passions, sentiments, and affections, and is covered with minute fibres, indicating the thoughts; but those cannot have any expression in a drawing. The red lines are filaments which spring forth as the individual makes any new acquaintance, also those of their relatives and friends. These take their rise and their course according to the degree of connection between them, either of relationship or of spiritual affinities. Only a small portion are traced out on any of the fruits, but in the originals they rise away from them, forming a kind of transparent external net-work, which gives a warm glow to the whole.

The spirits dwell in various regions. The unhappy spirits in places of darkness and misery beyond the power of man's imagination to conceive. There they remain until repentance for sin begins to awaken; they then desire light, which is immediately vouchsafed to them, and the blackness by which they are surrounded becomes rather less dense. Spirits of a higher grade may then be listened to when they strive by teaching to strengthen the repentant feelings; but alas! their companions in misery are often unwilling to witness an improvement in which they are not inclined to share, and endeavour to detain them from an upward progress. Many are the trials to which they must be subjected as they rise through the different degrees into the next sphere, there being seven spheres, and seven degrees in each. I am anxious to impress upon mortals how much more difficult it is there, than even upon earth, to resist the evil influences around, even although the sufferings are so intense, but all appears so hopeless. Thus the unhappy spirits may remain in such a state even for centuries, especially as it is repentance, not remorse, which must be awakened; grief for their sins, not anger at the penalty incurred. A little progress, however, being made, they thirst for more, and thus, by degrees, they may reach the next sphere. But again and again a kind of apathy seems to take possession of them, and sometimes they even retrograde, so that

the progress through the lower spheres is generally very lengthened. Those spirits who still remain in the lower spheres have but little power of locomotion, but in the higher ones they can travel through infinite space, the limits being only according to their own onward progress, for as they become more etherealised by their own ever increasing sense of happiness in their advance through the various degrees of the different spheres, they can rise to more rarified regions, so as ever to be approaching nearer to the perfect light of Heaven itself. A radiance surrounds each spirit, of more or less brilliancy, according to the sphere they have reached. This radiance is of certain hues for each sphere, gradually increasing in size, and altering somewhat in form for each degree. Spirits in the two lower spheres have no radiance, the only difference being in rather less of blackness. In the third and fourth it may scarcely be called such, but it is, at any rate, a kind of light; thus, in the third it is brown, gradually becoming lighter, and in the fourth it is grey. In the fifth the green hue of hope is seen, in the sixth violet; and in the entrance to the seventh a bright blue light, gradually acquiring vivid rainbow tints, which then fade off to a light so vivid that scarcely any colour is to be seen, all being so gloriously mingled. As high as the sixth sphere may be attained by spirits who hold mistaken views with respect to the Holy Trinity, but the seventh sphere can only be reached by those who have secured their salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, their Hope and their Redeemer. The others may be attained by works of charity and purity, and sincere repentance for all their sins. Christians, that is, those who believe in the Divinity of Christ, even if they have committed any serious crimes, are more easily influenced to repentance, and are therefore more likely to rise speedily than such as make their reason into a god. Those who have never heard of the Saviour are also more open to conviction in the after-life than those who have rejected Him upon earth, and, in their upward progress, they are willing to receive instruction from spirits in the seventh sphere, who are attracted to those who they know will be willing to receive in a child-like spirit the great Truth of man's Redemption.

SPIRITUAL CROWN OF MISS HOUGHTON.—The Spiritual Crown, the crown of Glory, the Crown of good works,—literally as well as figuratively. Every thought, word, and deed bears spiritual fruit, and while emanating from the human being, is accompanied

by a radiant line of colour, if good ; and by a line of darkness or even of blackness, if bad. The radiant lines are gathered up by the guardian spirits of the individual, and by them woven into a crown ; but often it is a case of great difficulty, for the glittering threads are so fine that very many are required before the smallest morsel can be woven, and the dark or black threads frequently obliterate the work altogether, so that they whose life is habitually evil, can have no crown until the evil habits are overcome. Think of it, ye who give way to evil passions or violent tempers ! every unkind word undoes a portion of the work of those loving ones, who would strive to aid you in overcoming the temptations of your own nature and of evil influences. Every unholy thought tarnishes the fabric, and they are thus often compelled to repeat their labours, perhaps again to be demolished. Remember also, that the virtues must not lie dormant, like brightly coloured stars, reposing in the heart, they must come forth and work, or the bright thread does not issue forth. As the radiant material accumulates, they gradually form it into a gossamer-like texture, brocaded as it were with lovely patterns, which they shape into a kind of turban, and the numerous transparent folds shew through one another with marvellous brilliancy ; or sometimes they condense the threads, and form of them gems of varied hues."

I have given you these extracts, compare them with the scriptures, which teaches that all our deeds and actions are known. There is nothing secret nor hidden but shall be brought to light, if this truth was really felt and realised, what a mighty influence it would wield over the lives of men.

I would say, further, that I had an interesting chat with Miss Houghton, the Artist. She is a private lady, zealous for the truth of spiritualism. Her exhibition was not a pecuniary success ; its expences and responsibilities were borne by herself, and she has made some considerable sacrifice, and taken no small amount of trouble in order that her drawings may be seen by the world. I mention this that you may not be under the impression that the exhibition was a money-getting scheme. I consider that of all schemes for getting money, that of getting money out of spiritualism is the most iniquitous and damnable. I do not mean to say that the servant is not worthy of his hire, but I mean when money alone is his sordid desire and end. I was asked what led me to inquire into the subject, and I related to her the circumstances whereby I was led to it, step by step, and I informed her

that I was come truth-seeking upon this absorbing question. I related to her what I had seen, and how my mind revolted at some of the manifestations, to which she replied that there were many who were no friends of the cause, and who injured it by their proceedings, but still that did not affect spiritualism as a truth. I asked how it was that spiritualists so contradicted each other—here are two mediums sitting at the ends of a table, one says “Christ is God,” the other says, “no, Christ is a man,” and thus take away His divinity. If the statements are thus contradictory, how can we rely on spirit-manifestations, since they would lead us seriously astray. The reply was this, that we were to test the spirits, and if they spake not according to the truth of God’s word, not believe them. This is the test—“Beloved, believe not every spirit, for he that confesseth not that Christ is God come in the flesh, is not of God.” Then how do you account for the opposite opinion from the spirit-world? Do you think as men die they retain their earthly views and creeds, thus expressing what I had contended for—that death to a man is not a moral change—he is not changed mentally—but only a physical change; thus he is the same man the moment after death that he was the moment before; the spirit-world, so to speak, picks him up just where this world left him. “Your remarks” she replied, “are just right. What a man sows he reaps, he that is unbelieving is an unbeliever still, and he that is dishonest, dishonest still, thus it is we are surrounded by good and bad spirits, and if a bad spirit controls, he teaches lies as in his earth-life; if a good spirit controls, he teaches truth as in his earth-life.” “Then you do think it is possible to be in communion with saints?” “Yes, I believe we are led to believe it from the scriptures. I am also persuaded that thousands who stand up sabbath after sabbath and say ‘I believe in the communion of saints’ yet do not believe it.” Miss Houghton replied and said, “the communion of saints in my experience was a reality. My bible is my constant companion, it is only as we ascend out of self and can sit at the feet of Christ that we can realise the blessedness of His truth; the world knows nothing of the reality; the natural sense cannot discern the spiritual things of God. I am in constant communion with my departed friends: I never do anything without spirit-guidance: I am here this morning under spirit-control, and while I have been talking to you my nephew has come, I now feel his finger in my hand, which is the sign of presence; I feel it, though not visible

to the natural eye, as plainly as if your fingers were there. My departed mother, when she comes has always a sign of her presence, she kisses me on my right cheek, and my sister kisses me on my left." As I talked with this good woman my inner man was moved, and I felt that as men we had not as yet realised the fulness of God's truth—that we had, to a certain extent, overlooked the deep and solid realities of the gospel blessing, and so far we have been content with the surface. It is my decided conviction that Irving, Wesley, Whitfield, and a host of other worthies, must have felt this mighty power: to them spirit communion was a reality; the gospel in all its fulness was a reality, and thus they were nerved and wielded by a mighty power that was not their own, and thus, too, it was that men felt and feared beneath their mighty influences. This is what we want now in our own age, if it was ever wanted, and it is my decided conviction that if sought for, it is to be obtained, and when obtained and realised in the soul in all its fulness, Ministers would then preach with a power that would be irresistible; whereas now, for want of a realization of the gospel in its fulness, the sermons of many have no power or life.

I was much delighted with my interview with Miss Houghton, it was one of profit, not only to me but also to my friend who was with me. Her experience in spiritualism was confirmatory of what I had written, which to me was not a little gratification.

I have spoken of the questions which were now constantly coming to me by letter in reference to my work, and on mentioning some of them to her, she caught up one, and this brings a circumstance to my mind which she related and which I will give you presently.

One writes thus, catching up my theory—"If the soul and the body are of the same shape, which you say is the case in your book, how is it that I, having lost two teeth, cannot feel my spiritual teeth in the same way as a man who has lost his leg, feels his spiritual leg?" "Well" she said "how did you answer him?" "Thus—you came into the world without teeth, and when you required more solid food to build the body, the teeth came; the teeth are the grinders of the mill, the food must be ground by them before it can make blood to build the body and make flesh. Now the Apostle says that flesh and blood would not be required in heaven, as there they hunger and thirst no more, consequently the teeth would not be required to grind food in order to build a

natural body: still, I had no reason to disbelieve that there were spiritual teeth, as well as a spiritual leg." "Well, very good, but they have teeth in heaven" Miss Houghton replied—"I know a lady who has the power to see her double, or, in other words, her own spirit. Now, having formerly had her two front teeth sticking out, she had them drawn, and their place supplied by two artificial ones. When she sees her own spirit, instead of seeing it with the artificial teeth, she sees it with the two teeth as before extracted." I spoke also of the objectionable character of much of the spiritualist literature, and remarked how many there were who denied the divinity of our Lord. "You have heard of the celebrated William Howitt, a man of world-wide literary fame; he was a Unitarian, but became a convert to the Christian faith through spiritualism. I wrote to him for his experience—how he was led to embrace the doctrine of the Trinity. He sent it to me, and if you would like a copy of it, I will write it out and send it to you." "I should be pleased with it, as it is the testimony of such men that I want." This letter is so full of excellence that as I have entered into every detail I must give it to you with the rest, though I have no authority for doing so. A letter of such weight and value ought to be known:—

I wrote to Mr. Howitt, January 10th, 1870, asking him if he could give any statement as to the steps by which he had been led from Unitarianism to an acknowledgement of the divinity of Christ, as it might aid those who were thinking over the matter, and might possibly have the blessed result of bringing others also to see the truth. The following is a copy of his answer:—

Esher, January 11th, 1870.

Dear Miss Houghton,

As to the reasons which induced Mrs. Howitt and myself to revise our Unitarian creed and accept the fact of the divinity of Christ, we were entreated to do it by our friendly communicating spirits; and though not inclined to believe spirits on their own statements, without further evidence or very strong probability, these invisible counsellors had so thoroughly shewn us their truthfulness that we were willing to review the affirmations both the Prophets and the Gospels on this head, and these then appeared to us so conclusive that we thoroughly embraced the idea. I do not pretend to say that there are not difficulties connected with the conception of the natures of God and of Christ; there are enormous ones, but these arise out of our finite faculties and present conditions of existence. They are such as, I believe, must ever attend this first earthly life, and may not fully solve themselves throughout eternity: but these difficulties exist in us and around us in all that we see and experience. We have a difficulty in reconciling the distributions of what we call human fortunes: we have equally a difficulty in

comprehending the mode of our own existence, and what really are spirit and matter. We cannot solve these things, but we can see and feel that they do positively exist: and we see that scripture history is a true history, and that the prophets authenticate Christ, and Christ the prophets and the past history of the Hebrews. Taking, then, the solemn affirmations of Christ as to His nature, and the clear and solemn predictions of the prophecies of thousands of years, we have a basis of historic evidence in itself of the profoundest solidity, and this is most nobly confirmed by the divine character and the divine teachings of our Saviour. Of all the miracles of His history, the greatest by far is the heavenly beauty and perfection of His character, so totally different from all the loftiest imaginings of the Greeks, so unapproachable in its gentleness, patience, utter absence of resentment, and complete fulness of love. In Jesus Christ we see a heroism so inconceivable to the heroes of the greatest nations of the earth, that not merely neither Greek nor Roman could imagine it, but the so-called Christian nations to this day cannot perceive its grandeur, much less realize it in action.

These, dear Miss Houghton, are the reasons which compel us to believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. We have His own word for the fact, and not His word only, but His life, His death, and His spirit breathed forth in sentiments every one of which is stamped with the impress of Godhead. The gospels are not only as a whole infinitely superior to all others put together, but any *one* of His teachings is worth all other books and philosophies put together. I would rather possess the parable of the prodigal son than all the volumes of mythology or theology of ancient or modern times, exclusive of the Bible. Neither Plato, Pythagoras, Confucius, Buddha, nor the whole collective body of pagan philosophers and theologians ever rose, or could rise, to the utterance of a narrative at once so simple in its wording and so sublimely profound in its teachings of the infinite love of the heavenly Father to his erring children, so re-assuring and consolatory to the awakened sinner, as that single chapter—one only in a blessed multitude. Nothing shews so clearly the debased condition of the human mind in the present age, the disordered perception of the really true and beautiful in sentiment and spirituality, as the incapacity of so many for discerning the greatness of the gospel system of religion and anthropology, and their giving equal value with these to systems so poor and meretricious. It is like preferring paste to diamonds.

With Mrs. Howitt's love, I remain, dear Miss Houghton,

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

We left the new British Gallery in Bond Street for the International Exhibition, where we rambled a few hours; but having an appointment by letter to meet a gentleman in the East end of London, who was to introduce me at a *seance*, the gentleman who had been my companion through the day accompanied me. Shortly after tea, we were introduced by this gentleman at the *seance* of the Dalston Inquirers into Spiritualism; I was a perfect stranger, and so was my companion, to all present, and I was also

a stranger to the gentleman that introduced us, only knowing him by correspondence, through the medium of my book; but though a stranger I can vouch for his honour and honesty in this matter, as I feel assured he could not be a party to trickery or imposition. The Dalston Inquirers into Spiritualism are a party of Ladies and gentlemen who joined themselves into a society, prayerfully and earnestly to investigate the matter. The party present was rather larger than usual, so we were split into two circles, and arranged around two round tables, each party being locked in. My party sat at a very heavy round table. There was present Miss Cook, a clairvoyant medium, that is, one who has partial open vision, and has power, under control, to see the spirits of departed friends. Mediumistic power has many phases, the power possessed by one medium not being possessed by another. The gifts are diversified; where one has power to prophesy, another has not the power, but may have the power to speak in a foreign tongue. Another sees; another cannot see, but can transfer. I make this explanation that you may better understand the phenomena manifested. Miss Cook seemed to possess more remarkable power than mediums usually; she sat next to me, and another lady, Mrs. Richardson, a clairvoyant medium, next again; next to her was the gentleman who introduced us; next again was a lady, a trance medium; next again my companion, who was a powerful medium; next the secretary; next another lady; next a gentleman; and then Miss Cook. These formed the circle; and as you may conclude, we had a good strong battery, and could expect results. I have detailed the thing in this way that those unacquainted with the matter may understand it fairly. The secretary read a prayer at the commencement of the *seance*, written the day previous by Miss Cook under spirit control and under the following circumstances:—She was sitting at her desk translating French into English, when a spirit controlled her left hand while she was writing French with her right. She was thus writing with both hands at the same time, and while she was perfectly conscious of what she was doing with her right hand, she was unconscious what was being done with the left; when finished, she found it was a beautiful prayer which was to be read at the commencement of every *seance*. Now, again, to write a prayer must be an intelligent act, and it must be a matter impossible to be translating French, and to be composing a prayer at the same moment, thus it must have been an intelligent act

apart from her own spirit. We joined hands and rested them on the table lightly. The lights were turned out (but understand they get similar manifestations in the light, but not so powerful). All present were honest inquirers, and from the character and tenor of those present, I am persuaded there was no imposition practised. We had not sat long before one of the mediums asked if there were any spirits present. Then there came three tremendous flounces of the table—yes. Here understand they do not get the response by knockings, as at the other *seance*, which I mentioned, but by the tilting of the table three times for “yes,” and once for “no”; but if the understanding is that the spirit shall knock instead of tilt, he will respond by knocks. The tubes were on the table; I asked if they heard voices, but as yet they had not been favoured at their *seances* with oral answers direct from the spirit, but the tubes were there should they be required. Mrs. Richardson said “Sambo is come; here he is; I can see him standing on the table; he is the controlling spirit of the trance-medium.” My friend was fearfully afraid she would hurt herself, but the reply was that though the chairs and tables sometimes fly over the place in the dark, no one ever gets hurt. Now Sambo begins to laugh through the medium, with such a voice as the medium could not produce in her normal state. Now come tremendous convulsions of the table, a trembling more like an earthquake than anything else, and of course it was more so to me than to those to whom these manifestations were usual. Mrs. Richardson’s chair is now drawn from under her, hurled up over her head, and pitches in the centre of the table; Miss Cook’s chair is now drawn away, and put back against the wall. One of the spirits controlling takes her round the waist, and sends her going like the pendulum of a clock. I asked if she could not control herself and keep still, she said “impossible,” and then suddenly exclaimed “Oh! my friend is come!” “What friend?” I replied. “My spirit-friend who is always with me.” “Can you see her?” “Yes.” “How does she look?” “She is clothed in white and surrounded with a celestial glory, a description of which I cannot express in language; she is bending over me, and looking at me with a smile.” “Do you know what you are saying?” “Yes, I am perfectly conscious of what I am saying to you.” “Then you are not like the trance-medium over the other side, unconscious of what she has been doing; but you have spirit-sight and still retain your consciousness?” “Yes, per-

fectly so?" "How do you know the spirit which you say you see to be your friend?" Mark the answer. "Because she has the same identity in feature now that she had in her life-time." To get my convictions proved in this way as to what I had written in *The Seat of the Soul* was remarkable, and it proved the fact that the soul is the same shape as the body, and must have the same identity. I leave you to judge how I felt at such a demonstrative proof. Those of you who have read the first part of my little work will remember I concluded by saying that "had Plato lived later in life, and could he have listened to Paul on Mars Hill at Athens, what a meeting that would have been!" To have had all his convictions proved and realised! Just such a realisation was mine when I came in contact with the truths of spiritualism. And though some portion of the press has tabooed me on what I had written, the tabooing proves nothing; we want facts, proofs, common sense, and not bombastic abuse. Now to turn to the *seance* again: Miss Cook said, "I see my friend now as plainly as I saw you when you entered the room in the light. Another spirit has come, I have noticed him before, he is very much like a Chinaman, he is coming up to you, he is now at your back looking over you." "And is it so?" "Yes." "Well, I am not afraid he will do me any harm." Mark here, spirits pass in and out of rooms through stone walls, as we pass through the open air. Now I have shown before that if a man has his leg off and he puts his stump against a wall, his spiritual leg is through the wall, and his foot out on the other side. Such must be the case if the soul is immaterial. Here my statements are realised again: the doors of the room in which we are are locked, and the spirits come through the walls. Iron doors and granite walls do not a prison make, and cannot confine the soul. The chairs are again sent flying up on the table, and taken away from under several of the sitters. A light is struck, and the displaced things rearranged. The trance-medium, I notice, appears in a deep sleep. The lights are turned out, and, directly, the trance-medium's chair is taken from under her, swung back against the door, and she falls down, where she is allowed to remain. The convulsions of the table were strong, and, as I thought in myself, the devil himself must be here, as well as the spirits of the good, kicking up these capers, so I asked the controlling spirit if it was profitable to practice spiritualism: three flounces of the table—"yes." "Is it wrong to practice spiritualism?" One flounce of the table

—“no.” Mrs. Richardson then said, “I see a spirit friend, a female, she came and stood over the gentleman that introduced us. Now I see a light like a star come and go quickly. At one *seance* I saw two lights like meteors ascend and descend over the medium’s head. I find this is nothing unusual, the room is sometimes full of lights, and at other times it becomes quite light, when the source from which the light comes cannot be traced.” Mrs. Richardson describes the spirit. The gentleman said “That is my mother, she is my guardian angel ; she is always present with me.” “How is she looking?” “She is looking on you with a smile, bending her head over you, with her hands lifted.” “Can you place my hand into her’s?” Mrs. Richardson took his hand to place it in his mother’s hand (she had passed away many years) but, he said, “I cannot feel it.” I asked if, when she was present, he could possibly feel his mother’s hand. He said “Yes, as plainly as I felt your’s when I first took it.” He evidently felt the power of his mother’s presence. He said as follows :—

“From my youth I always had an impression that my departed mother was near me, and had her eye upon me, and while a young man, when I went where I ought not to have been, I was always impressed with her presence, and I felt that her eye was upon me with the same watchfulness as it was in her life-time. Impressed with this truth, as a young man I was kept from those dens of iniquity that so many of my fellow young men were ensnared into.” If we all, as men, could only realise such a feeling as this fact, that our loved ones who are gone before are watching over us, what a mighty impetus it would give to our life and character ! What a mighty check to wrong doing ! And does not the scriptures warrant the fact that we have guardian angels—a cloud of witnesses compassing us about ? But, alas, we have become so sordid and devilish that we have failed to realise the fact, and thus the scriptures in its fulness have no power upon the soul. This gentleman said he could never get rid of the impression that his mother was his guardian angel. What a delightful thought ! Who could better guard than a mother ? What must be her feelings and sympathies, now free from earth’s alloy ? My soul seems stirred with enthusiasm when I contemplate the fact ; but, he says, “when I first took to spiritualism my mother was the first to come to me through the medium of the table, and she assured me of her presence and guardianship, then my conviction became a reality. I now meet her in my own home, I can feel

her touch and hand as I feel your's, and I speak and converse with her face to face as a man converses with his friend, and she gives me her counsel and advice as to how I shall proceed in life." I have again deviated from the subject of the *seance* that I may give you full detail of my impressions as we proceed. But to turn to the *seance* again: Miss Cook is again under the swaying influence and cannot control herself, when suddenly she is taken by her controlling spirit, sent up in the air clean off the ground, twirled right round and comes down quickly but gently in the middle of the table. I held her hand one side, a gentleman the other; as she went up she pulled up my arm with her. I still held tight, and as she was twisted round her arm was twisted, as I still held her by the hand when she came down. A light was struck, and she was relieved from her position. Lights were turned out, and again there were tremendous convulsions of the table. I requested Mrs. Richardson to ask the controlling spirit at the table if I should become a medium. It had been asserted that I was one already, by natural intuition, or I could never have written the book *The Seat of the Soul*. When the question was put, there came three flounces of the table—"yes." "How many months first?" Four flounces of the table—"four months." "I asked the question," said the medium, "before, mentally to myself, and I got the same reply—four months." What powers I am about to realise I cannot say. I was not well, neither had I been for some weeks; I had been rather over worked and over anxious about my Patent Invalid Couch, which I was in town exhibiting. So I said "Enquire of the controlling spirit after my health." "Is this gentleman well? One flounce of the table—"no." "Will you tell us what he is suffering from?" Three tilts of the table—"yes." "Is it his lungs?" One tilt—"no." "Is it the pleura of the lung?" One tilt—"no." "Is it his heart?" One tilt—"no." "Is it from a sluggish liver?" Three good tilts—"yes." "Will you prescribe for him?" "Three tilts—"yes." "How will you do it—through the means of the alphabet?" Three tilts—"yes." Began then to repeat the alphabet slowly. A, B, one tilt on the table—B. Began again, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, one tilt on the table—L. Began again and so continued until "blue" was spelt out. The medium caught the sense, and she said "Is it blue pill?" Three tremendous flounces—"yes." "The controlling spirit has told your disease, and prescribed for you; what do you want more?"

It is now requested that Mrs. Richardson, a fine well-built lady, about 14 stone, should be taken up and placed upon the table. Her chair is at once taken from under her, and the controlling spirit begins to lift her off the ground, when she entreated him not to do it, and he at once ceased. Now came again the convulsions of the table, which began to rock and push about ; it pushed hard against me and Mrs. Richardson : we gave all the resistance we could, and my friend on the opposite side pulled with all his might, but to no purpose ; we were both sent against the wall, and jammed between the wall and the table. A light was then struck, and the *seance* broke up. I noticed Mrs. Richardson's eyes were luminous when she saw the spirits, which continued when the lights were on. She said, "I still see the spirits : " with the same, I saw a shudder dart across her eyes, and then she said, "They are gone."

On Friday night I went to another *seance* at 15, Southampton Row, Holborn ; this was a trance-medium, Mr. Morse, who spoke under inspiration, or spirit-control. That is to say, he did not speak under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, as did the Apostles, but spoke under the inspiration of the spirit that controlled him. The company present were well-dressed and respectable, many of them inquirers like myself ; they were arranged in chairs, as at a lecture-room. The medium, or speaker, stands upon a small platform in front of his audience. No lights turned out : it is a lecture. The medium sits in his chair, and passes into a trance ; while passing into this state, there are twitchings of the hands and legs, and convulsions of the face. Mr. Morse is now pushed outside his own body, and his body, or whole organism, is taken possession of by another spirit, that is, by a departed spirit, that once lived on this earth. He now stands up, with eyes closed, and speaks in a voice not his own, but in the voice of the spirit that is controlling him ; he addresses the company on the subject of spiritualism for about half-an-hour, after which he invites discussion ; and tells the audience he does not want them to ask him who their uncles or grandfathers were, as, if they put silly questions, they must expect to get silly answers ; and if sensible questions were put, they would get sensible answers. Several questions are now put, and well answered. I now put a question—"Sir, you said in the course of your lecture that education had failed to civilise the world, that Christianity had failed to civilise the world, and that

it was left for spiritualism to do it. What are we to understand by such assertions? That Christianity in itself is ineffectual and cannot accomplish the work it is designed to do, or is it the machinery, by which Christianity is surrounded, that is inefficient and defective?" Answer.—"It is the machinery that is defective; Christianity in itself is perfect and without defect, but it is hemmed in on all sides by self: it is self above, it is self beneath, it is self on the right hand and on the left; and by far the greater number into whose hands it has been placed, that they may be watchers and shepherds over its interests, have disregarded the souls of men, and cared only for their own ends and interests. Thus spiritualism is the hammer whereby its fetters will be broken. Spiritualism is the lever that will lift it from its bondage, that it may do its perfect work." "Well, very good; but there is another point: if spiritualism is true, how is it that various mediums under spirit control deny and contradict each other? As all the messages come from the spirit-world, you would conclude that the statements would harmonise. If we rely on the teaching of the spirits, we are like a reed shaken by the wind; we are like men upon shifting sands; where, then, can we find confidence and rest? Nowhere, I am persuaded, but in the Bible, the book of God." Answer.—"The Bible is the only reliable book in which we can place confidence, but as regards the contradictory statements from the spirit-world, it is like this—supposing an inhabitant of this earth were to alight on another planet in our own solar system: the inhabitants there, being so differently constituted, would be anxious to inquire of the stranger where he came from; they would notice his colour, his dress, and inquire about his society and habits of living. He says, 'I come from yonder planet, the earth below.' Another man comes up from China, and they make a similar inquiry, and ask him where he came from. 'From the earth below.' 'Oh no, you did not,' would be the reply, 'they that come from the earth below are white, you are copper-coloured; they wear cloth, you wear cotton; they live on beef, you live on rice.' Another comes up from India. 'Where did you come from?' 'From the earth below.' 'Oh! you could not: they are white, you are black; they go dressed, you go naked.' Even so it is with the messengers that come from the spirit-world." "Another question, and I have done. Must I infer that there is as wide a difference of opinion in the spirit-world as in this—

thus teaching that as men die, so they carry with them into the next world all their views, whether of a sceptical or Christian character—thus a man is not one iota changed from what he was in his earth-life? Thus, when a departed spirit controls, he brings you his old earth views, and thus the statements are contradictory.” The answer.—“It is even so; for he that is holy is holy still, he that is filthy is filthy still, he that is dishonest is dishonest still; for what a man soweth that doth he also reap.” Another now asks a question—“If these statements that have been referred to are so contradictory, where is the proof and truth of spiritualism?” Answer—“Though there is as wide a difference of opinion in the spirit-world as in this, still the whole of the spirit-world are agreed on two great facts—that is, the soul’s immortality, and man’s responsibility. The spirits of the invisible world being agreed on these two great points, proves the truth of spiritualism.” The controlling spirit concludes his lecture and sits down. Mr. Morse now comes out of his trance state; but before quite back to the normal state, another spirit takes possession of him, and now he speaks quite in a different voice again; but the spirit now under control is a very witty fellow: several questions are put and answered with equal cleverness, but in a different style. I asked this question—“When a number of persons sit at a table, is it not that the table is porous and becomes charged with magnetism or electricity from the bodies of the sitters; the table thus being charged, it is through this medium it is acted upon by the will and thus made to move where you bid it, and thus the power that moves the table is mind, or Psychic Force?” Answer—“First, I object (speaking cynically) to the word “psychic,” because it has been coined by infidels who deny the immortality of the soul; they do not believe in the spirit-world, nor in the existence of spirit, thus they have given it the name “psychic,” a word used by men who believe we are individualised apes, that we were never created, but that back in the ages of the past we were developed out of the lower animals, and that our origin is not from God! No; but from the lichen that clings to the rocks, or that we come from Professor Thomson’s life-germs, that fell on this earth from some other planet. Bah! bosh! It is not psychic force, but spirit force from the spirit-world. Now to the question. When a number of persons sit round a table, they form a perfect magnetic sphere, the magnetic sphere in the natural world corresponds to

the magnetic sphere in the spirit-world. The magnetic sphere in the natural world then rests upon the magnetic sphere in the spirit-world, and thus a communication between the two worlds is established." Another asks if their hands were not touching the table whether there would be the same results. Answer.—"Precisely the same results would occur if the hands were not touching the table, provided there was a perfect circle by union of hands. Another gentleman present then said "If there is such a diversity of opinion in the spirit-world, is there not a distinct line of demarcation between the evil and the good?" Answer.—The difficulty appears as in this world, to know where good ends and evil begins, the graduations of character are so blended into each other ; but in the next world there are lines of demarcation, or spheres ; there are several spheres in the spirit-world, and every spirit has his own sphere. The more God-like a man becomes in his earth-life, the higher he ascends towards his Maker in the higher spheres ; but the more devilish a man is, the lower he is : those in the higher spheres can ascend through the lower to communicate with the departed of earth, but those in the lower spheres cannot for successive ages ascend to the higher, and just as a poor and ignorant man would be no companion for the refined and cultivated philosopher, so the wicked are no companions for the pure and holy. Like loves like and seeks like, and thus they exist each in his own sphere, and that according to his earth-life." On relating these questions and answers to a gentleman, he said it was ground that had been well worked over by the medium ; but I inquired and was informed that it was not so. And if it is so, all I can say is, that the ground is worth working over again and again. Another asked "what is the good of spiritualism?" "If it only proves the immortality of the soul and a future state that is quite sufficient in this age of Infidelity." Another asked if all the planetary worlds were inhabited and whether it was possible for spirits to visit there. Answer—"Many of them are unfit for human inhabitants—they are as yet in a crude state and have to pass through many mighty ages, and mighty changes similar to that of our own earth's crust, before they will be fitted for existence. Mr. Morse now comes out of his trance-state and before he is quite recovered, another spirit takes possession of him and he speaks in a different voice again. Mr. Morse after speaking in this way for an hour and three quarters comes back to his normal state ; he seems heavy and tired out. I now ask

the chairman if I may be permitted to put Mr. Morse a question now he is conscious and in his natural state. Certainly. "Mr. Morse, you have been upon that platform speaking and answering questions for some time, do you mean to tell this audience that now you are back to your normal state you are perfectly unconscious of any statement you have made here to-night?" "I am not conscious of any thing I have said here this evening." "Ladies and Gentlemen, you hear what Mr. Morse says ; now there are only two conclusions we can come to. We have either listened to a marvel that wants explaining, or we have listened to one of the greatest impostors in London. Which is it ? And if an imposition, it is the more damnable and flagrant, because practised upon an intelligent audience in an enlightened age." A gentleman stood up and said "I am a stranger here, but I assure you, sir, it is not an imposition. I know a lady in my own town who is a trance-medium, and when under control she stands and speaks for hours on the profoundest philosophical questions, of which she knows nothing in her normal state ; further, I know another who knows nothing of music in her normal state, but under trance influence she plays a piano and sings beautifully." Well, what can I say to this ? To do such things must be a conscious, intelligent act on the part of the agent controlling, be it spirit or otherwise. The morning after the *seance*, I met Mr. Morse, and conversed with him on the past evening's proceedings. "There are one or two questions I should like to put to you. You say when you are under spirit control that your organism is taken possession of by another spirit, thus your body is a vehicle for communication with the natural world. Well, if another spirit was inside your body, you must have been pushed outside ; is that it?" "Quite so," replied Mr. Morse. "Well then, where was your spirit while another spirit had possession of your body?" "My spirit was in spirit-land." "And what were you about in spirit-land?" "Well, I cannot exactly say what I was about last night ; but it appears very much like a dream, yet is more real." "Well, how did you get back to your body again ; because, when a man quits the body he is considered dead?" "I was not separated from the body, but was connected by a magnetic cord, which is the experience of all trance-mediums." "Well, now, we will admit all this—that your spirit can leave your body within certain limits and yet remain connected with it. Is it not possible that the spirits of various mediums can leave their bodies within

certain limits, and that it is thus that the chairs, tables, &c., are lifted and carried about the room; and thus a great many of the capers carried on are not the work of departed spirits but the work of the mediums themselves, and this is how we are humbugged. Is it so?" "I cannot give an answer to your question; it is certainly a fair one to put, I have not heard it put before. You had better come next Friday night and put it when I am in a trance, and from the controlling spirit you will get an answer." "Though I put you this question, Mr. Morse, still I can see, on the other hand, that if it is a fact that your organism is controlled by another spirit, then while my argument would suggest many of the manifestations to be the work of the medium, still the fact of your body being controlled by another spirit in your absence, speaks for spiritualism. But, further, suppose that when you were in that unconscious state the spirit controlling your body took the poker and cracked my head. Well, I bring you to justice for an assault. When the charge is made against you, you reply and say, 'I don't know anything about it, my lord.' 'But a roomful of witnesses can come forward and swear you struck this man on the head with the poker.' 'Don't know anything about it, my lord.' Where is your responsibility? If you are *not* responsible, you are considered so. But a man jumps up in court and says, 'It was not Mr. Morse that struck him, my lord, it was the controlling spirit.' What an *alibi*, to be sure! It seems to me something like mesmerism, when the operator makes his subject do what he likes: the muscles and body of the man mesmerised are operated on just as if they belonged to the operator's own organism. The operator sends his subject to steal, or do what he thinks proper; and when the subject is brought back to his normal state, he is perfectly unconscious of what he has done. Then the subject, if he is sent to steal, and is unconscious of it, cannot be responsible. So it appears to be with spirits; they take possession of a man's organism as a mesmerist does, and they do what they like with it, while the real man that belongs to the organism is unconscious of what is done through it. "How came you to be a medium, Mr. Morse?" "Well, at the time of the trial *Lyon v. Home*, the subject was much talked of. I laughed at it; but some friends assured me there was something in it. I sat once or twice at a private circle, and one night the influence took hold of me and I hallooed and raved for nearly an hour, and they could not pacify me. At last I came to

myself, but I was perfectly unconscious of what I had been doing. (This puts me in mind of the seven devils taking possession of a man). I sat again and was soon developed into a trance-speaking medium ; but it is not a very enviable position, I can assure you, as we get no end of abuse."

On the morning of the same day, I called on Mr. Serjeant Cox, at his chambers at the Temple. As he had taken a deep interest in the book I had published, and has had some considerable experience, in connection with several scientific men, on this subject, I was all the more anxious for a conversation with him ; and the more so because he has viewed the matter from a scientific point of view, and thus has given the subject, on fair grounds, a truthful investigation. As all who read this pamphlet may not have heard of the experiments whereby this new force has been tested, I will give you a brief account of one made with Mr. D. Home by Mr. Huggins, F.R.S., Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., and Mr. Serjeant Cox. Mr. Home is invited to Mr. Crookes' house ; there is an accordion in a cage, which Mr. Home has never seen before. Mr. Home is requested to try his mediumistic power on it without touching it. The accordion, without being touched, begins to expand and close ; it is now placed into Mr. Home's hand, he holding the bottom, with the keys hanging downwards, the other hand away, while the hand that holds it is stretched the full length from the body. The accordion now opens and expands ; the keys are run up and down, and a beautiful air is played, with no visible fingers near the keys, though the keys are noticed to do their work. Mr. Crookes now slips his hand down Mr. Home's arm, and takes the accordion away, keys downwards. The accordion still goes on playing. Mr. Crookes then let it go, thinking it would fall to the ground, but instead of doing so, the law of gravitation did not affect it ; it remained and floated in mid-air, and as it floated, still continued to play. Now spiritualists say that this is nothing new, as their mediums can see the accordion borne aloft by spirits, and the spirit figures manipulating the keys.* Now, I repeat again, to play a tune must be an intelligent act. Mr. Crookes has just published a work, showing that there is such a thing as psychic force in nature—a force yet unknown to the scientific world, and they give it this designation, "psychic," until they can find a better name for it. I asked

* Mr. Crookes' work on "Psychic Force," one shilling, of any bookseller.

Serjeant Cox for his experience ; this, no doubt, we shall get in a work that is to be published, but I give you one or two facts he gave me, which will show you that these scientific gentlemen mentioned above were not humbugged, because the scientific world said, when they saw the report of the experiments, that these gentlemen were surely deluded, or had been certainly humbugged, by Mr Home. Mr. Serjeant Cox told me that he had had many sittings with Mr. Home at his own private house, and that all his manifestations were in the light, and with no possibility of trickery. "If Mr. Home was sitting at one end of the table and I at the other, whatever I asked for was brought to me by invisible power. A hand-bell was taken up from the table and rung by unseen power ; I requested that the bell should be brought to me ; it was placed in my hands, and as I took the bell, I felt the fingers that had brought it me as plainly as I feel the fingers on a natural hand, although I cannot see them. I requested that my pocket-book should be taken from my pocket ; while the pocket-book was being drawn out, I seized the hand that was taking it away by the wrist ; the hand and wrist felt as natural as the natural member, though I could not see it."

I will leave you to judge, reader, how I felt when I got such a testimony as this, after proving, as I have, that when the material hand is cut off, the spiritual hand is not cut off, but remains intact, connected with the spiritual body—and to know from another branch of science, apart from the bible (though the bible corroborates it), that there is such a thing as a spiritual hand and body. These two branches of evidence are to me two witnesses, that give such ocular, demonstrative evidence of the soul's immortality, that the combined force of all the infidels in the world, with all their reasoning, cannot refute. I asked Mr. Cox what led him to inquire into the subject. He told me the circumstances, which are very remarkable, but I question whether he has ever made them known to the world. Perhaps, like other prominent men, from modesty, he has left them as a note in his diary, to be known only when he has passed out of this his present sphere of usefulness. But the facts that he gave me appear to be of such infinite value to the world, as proving the doctrine of a future state and the immortality of the soul, that I shall give them without his authority. Though he will be surprised to see them in print, I am not afraid he will censure me for so doing.

“A few years ago, Mr. Foster, the clairvoyant medium, came to this country from America; I had heard so much of spiritualism, that I went to see him and requested a sitting: and I went with the express object that, if I detected any imposition, I would expose it. At the sitting, Mr. Foster said, ‘There is a young man just come into the room, and he is walking up to you; his name is Edward Trenchard, and he wishes to communicate with you.’ Edward Trenchard was an old companion of mine; he had been dead twenty years or more, and as I was a perfect stranger to Mr. Foster, and he to me, I was not a little surprised, as he could not possibly have known my friend. ‘Well,’ I said, ‘take the communication from him.’ The communication was given—‘Be sure of this, William, there is a communication between the two worlds.’ Now Edward Trenchard and myself often sat and rambled together, and discussed the question of the immortality of the soul, and a future state, and we had promised each other whichever of us was taken first, if there was a possibility of coming back to convince the other of a future state, he would do so. My friend died of consumption, and just before his death he wrote me his last farewell letter. I have the letter over there now which he sent to me more than twenty years ago, and in which he states that he was soon about to throw off the mortal coil, and that the soul’s immortality and a future state would soon become in his experience a reality, and reminding me of our compact, that if there was ever an opportunity presented, after he had passed away, of coming back to convince me of a future state, he would do so. No opportunity for twenty years had presented itself; but Mr. Foster is a medium through which communications are said to come. Edward Trenchard now fulfils his promise, and says shortly and to the point—‘Be sure of this, William, there is a communication between the two worlds.’ The evidence, knowing all the circumstances, was so conclusive, that I could say nothing. From that time I have been investigating the matter.”

I remarked, “What striking evidence! And how like a circumstance in the life of Lord Brougham!” This I related, but Mr Cox was already acquainted with it. I will give it to you, as it is similar fact, and worth knowing. Lord Brougham left a request on his will that all that he had written on his own life should be published, amongst which was the following. I cannot give you the words, but as it is facts I have to do with in all I

have written, I give you the facts of the case. His lordship was on a tour somewhere with a friend, and had returned late one night to his hotel, and wished for a warm bath before retiring to rest ; he enters his bath-room, and just as he is ready to get into the bath, looking around, he sees an old school-fellow sitting on the chair he had just left ; he had not seen nor heard of him for sixty years, neither had his friend been in his thoughts. His lordship, knowing his bath-room was secured, was surprised how he should come there, and fainted away at his presence. On coming to himself, he found his old college-chum gone. He makes a note of this in his diary, and regards it as a dream ; but how could it be a dream when he was wide awake, and knew what he was about, as he was just going to get into his bath ? But his lordship, of course, like many others, was afraid that he would be tabooed and laughed to scorn over it, and hence called it a dream. But he regards it as so remarkable that he records it, on the 19th of December, such an hour and year. On inquiring of his family at a later date, he receives intelligence of his friend's death, and the next note in his diary is, that his friend died in India December 19th, at the very hour he saw him. It brought to Lord Brougham's mind a compact that he had entered into with his departed friend in his college days. They often rambled together and discussed the question of the immortality of the soul and a future state, and they entered into a compact ; his lordship drew blood from his arm, and his school-fellow drew blood from his, then wrote out the compact and signed it in their own blood, that if the soul was immortal, whichever died first would appear. The promise is fulfilled in that memorable night when his lordship was taking his bath ; and this fact was by his own deed requested to be published in his biography, and was not without its effect upon his lordship, even at eventide.* These two facts alone, in the experience of Serjeant Cox and Lord Brougham, have a power and truth in proof of the immortality of the soul and a future

* A work entitled *The Book of Nature*, by C. O. Groom Napier, F.C.S., (London, John Cambden Hotten, 1870), has a preface by the late Lord Brougham, in which that eminent statesman says :—

“There is but one question I would ask the author, is the spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age ?—No ; for amidst the varieties of mind which divers circumstances produce, are found those who cultivate man's highest faculties ;—to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most cloudless skies of scepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand ; it is modern spiritualism.”

state, that all the Voltaires, Tom Paynes, Holyoakes, and Bradlaughs of the world cannot refute.

The next spiritualist I came in contact with was Signor Damiani, a Sicilian gentleman, who has had some experience in spiritualism. I asked him the reason why it was that spiritualists put spiritualism before the bible. He said "spiritualists did nothing of the kind: spiritualism is a science like all other sciences, and is to be studied as such, but it is the grandest and sublimest science we have—the handmaid of divine truth, and is to be added to the scripture like all other sciences. No one knows its grandeur and sublimity but those who study it." This is the gentleman that defended spiritualism when Professors Lewes and Thomson attacked it, and he challenged them with £1000 if they could prove spiritualism to be a deception or trickery. This challenge and the conditions of it can be seen in a monthly paper, *The Spiritualist*; it has also been advertised in many papers, and he told me personally that he will take any scientific man, or any number of them combined, and he will challenge them for £100, £500, or for a £1000 if one, or the body of them combined, can prove that spiritualism is an imposition. I quote the following evidence from Signor Damiani's pamphlet on "Experiences of Spiritualism :"—

Now for facts. In the spring of 1865 I was induced by a friend to attend my first *seance*. This, I remember, took place at No. 13, Victoria Place, Clifton, the medium being Mrs. Marshall. I had been, up to that moment, an utter sceptic to spiritual matters; chokeful of positivism, I conceived man to be but a very acute monkey (*simia gigantis stupenda*, to be scientific), and recognised in life only a brief and somewhat unsatisfactory farce. I was, however, and, at the same time, open to conviction,—which, perhaps, was foolish in me. I found assembled at this *seance* some forty gentlemen, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and journalists, besides a fair sprinkling of ladies. A medical man, well known in the neighbourhood of Bristol, Dr. Davy, of Norwood, filled the chair. At first, I refused to sit at the large table whereat the manifestations were to take place, for being then what I have now ceased to be, an unqualified believer in the candour and truthfulness of the newspaper press, I made up my mind (certain journalistic comments being fresh in my recollection) to keep a sharp look-out upon the medium's movements. I was thus occupied (*intentaque ora tenebat*) when sounds, altogether unlike anything in my experience, were distinctly heard by me to proceed from the ceiling, some four yards as I should judge, above the medium. These sounds, travelling down the wall, along the floor, and up the claws and pillar of the large round table, came resounding in its very centre. This ought to have convinced me at once that the medium's toes, at least, had nothing to do with the phenomenon; but prejudiced incredulity is so strong a cuirass against the sword of truth, that I remained still watching the feet

of the medium under the table, as a cat does its prey. The chairman was the first to commence conversation with our (supposed) spiritual visitors. Shortly afterwards it came to my turn to talk with the spirits. "Who is there?" "Sister," was rapped out in reply. "What sister?" "Marietta." "Don't know you; that is not a family name;—are you not mistaken?" "No; I am your sister." This was too much: I left the table in disgust. Still, those knocks proceeding from the ceiling had puzzled me, and excited my curiosity; therefore, when the company dispersed I remained behind, to discover, if I could, the *modus operandi*. I invited myself (the assurance of sceptics is proverbial) to take tea with Mrs Marshall and her hostess, after which I begged to have a private *seance*. Now I shall catch you, I thought. Sure enough the raps came again, distinct and sonorous as before. "Who are you?" "Marietta." "Again! why does not a sister whom I can remember come?" "I will bring one;" and the raps were now heard to recede, becoming faint and fainter until lost in the distance. In a few seconds a *double knock*, like the trot of a horse was heard approaching, striking the ceiling, the floor, and lastly the table. "Who is there?" "Your sister Antonietta." "That is a good guess," thought I. "Where did you pass away?" "Chieti." "When?"—thirty-four loud distinct raps succeeded. Strange—my sister so named had certainly died at Chieti just thirty-four years before. "How many brothers and sisters had you then? Can you give me their names?" Five names (the real ones) all correctly spelt in Italian were given. Numerous other tests produced equally remarkable results. I then felt I was in the presence of my sister.

"If that is not in truth my sister," I thought, "then there exists in nature something more wondrous and mysterious even than the soul and its immortality." What had taken place at this, my first *seance*, produced such an effect upon my mind that I determined to continue the investigation until I could come finally to a rational conclusion upon the subject. During the fortnight of Mrs. Marshall's stay in Clifton, I frequented the *seances* daily and on an average for four hours a day. Spirit after spirit I evoked, who one and all established their identity through the most searching tests. Having been thus uniformly successful, I felt somewhat perplexed about Marietta. Had I been mystified in her case, and in hers alone? Finally, I wrote to my mother, then living in Sicily, inquiring whether, among the nine children she had borne and buried, there had been one named Marietta. By return of post, my brother, Joseph Damiani, architect, now residing at Palermo, wrote as follows:—"In reply to your inquiry, mother wishes me to tell you that on October 2nd, 1821, she gave birth, at the town of Messina, to a female child, who came into the world in so weakly a condition that the midwife, using her prerogative in such emergencies, gave her baptism. Six hours after birth the child died, when the midwife disclosed the fact of her having baptised the infant under the name of Maria (the endearing diminutive of which is Marietta). The birth and death of this sister I have verified by reference to the family register." You must admit, gentlemen, that in the above case "unconscious cerebration" has not one leg to stand upon.

On the following Monday I went to another *seance* at 15, Southampton Row; Messrs. Herne and Williams, mediums, were

present. The *seance* was similar in character to the first I recorded. You have read my convictions as to the first, my convictions were the same of the last. There may have been spirit-power present, but my conviction was that there was some human power too, to make the *seance* of more effect. However, the voices were the same, John King and Kate being present ; the chairs, as usual, were flung on the table, with hats and sticks. An anti-macassar is thrown over my head ; next a chair is placed on the top of my head ; the table is convulsed, and rises and wriggles a foot from the ground in mid-air. The mediums declared that I was the cause of most of the manifestations, as they were all spent upon me. The great lounge was next taken up and tilted up upon my head, legs upwards, while the side rested on the medium's shoulder ; the table begins to wriggle and push so that it knocked me and the medium over our chairs, floundering on the floor, the lounge being on me. Of course you would have thought the very devil himself was present. A light is struck, I am relieved from my position, things are re-arranged, and we sit again. My schoolfellow from Chard, who was with me at my first sitting, was also present on this occasion. Lights are again turned out, the table begins again, the fender and whole of the fire irons are wrested out and flung upon the table ; the shovel falls into my lap. After a short continuance of this we broke up, and, as I said before, we considered it not profitable, and far from instructive. This is the last of my *seances*.

I have given you what led me to the subject ; also the secondary evidence, and my own experience. After I have made some further remarks on the subject, I will give, as I proposed, my own conclusions and convictions respecting it.

It matters not what a man's creed may be, it does not affect his being a spiritualist. He may be a Unitarian, or a Trinitarian ; he may be an evil man, or a good man ; and the differences amongst spiritualists are as widely diffused—often resulting in antagonism to each other—as amongst any class of men you will find. Thus when men with such a variety of opinion sit for spirit communion, the class of spirits comes in contact with them which are most in sympathy with their own views. Thus, if good men sit with a prayerful desire for truth, they get spirits of a higher order to commune and instruct ; but the devil-spirits are as strong in the next world as in this, and they try to push good spirits away that they may commune and deceive also. If several

evil, drunk mediums were to sit, they would bring, as you may conclude, into contact with them a lot of devils, whose manifestations would be anything but desirable. Thus, you see, you need be very much on your guard in investigating this matter, and those that sit for investigation should not sit for mere curiosity, to giggle and laugh over it as a pastime; still, because many people trifle with spiritualism, it is no reason why a prayerful, earnest investigation should not be made in the matter, and by those whose object is nothing short of truth. Miss Houghton, in her last letter to me, says "I am glad you intend to investigate the matter for yourself, and I know you will find your happiness in doing so: you must, as far as possible, keep to a regular hour for your *seance*, and once a week is quite often enough. When once you get into communion with the loved ones who are gone before, they will give you the best advice as to your proceedings, for they will see and understand the conditions surrounding you." Now this good lady has studied the subject for twelve years, and there are thousands of christian families that hold their *seances*, but are unknown to the outer world simply because they do not want to be jeered and sneered at. These *seances*, if rightly and properly conducted, lead to one of the grandest and sublimest occupations in which we can engage when the toil of the week or day is over, and the whole thing is not to be put down as the work of the devil simply because a few indiscreet persons may practice it, or because some impostors have got hold of it; any more than we should disclaim and protest against Christianity, or the Church of Christ, simply because of the black sheep that may be contaminating the flock. A gentleman said to me "since I have been a spiritualist I can realise the blessedness of the gospel more than I ever did before; its teachings are better explained, and they become realities in my experience, I can sit in my own home, in my own family circle, and have hallowed converse with all my departed friends. What a consolation for the future! We need not mourn their departure. All fear of death, and dread of the future flees away; and what a comfort it is to know that wherever we are, they are watching us, and that whatever happens is for the best. All this to the sordid man—the man of the world—is a farce and has no meaning; but to the Christ-like, God-fearing man, it is a reality of infinite worth.

Now a few words about spiritual literature, there is much written that is very good and beautiful and also scriptural in its

teachings ; and spiritualism, as a truth freed from devilism and imposition, is the helper of the scriptures. There is one I take in "The Christian Spiritualist," in which nothing is allowed to appear wherein Christ has not got the pre-eminence. This was the understanding on which it was set on foot, and because there were other pamphlets, papers, and books written on spiritualism, that placed Christ and the bible where they ought not to be : not only so, the tone of some of the writings is anything but desirable. In fact, I should not like a child of mine to read them, and what is not wholesome for my child is not wholesome for me ; therefore, be careful what you read, as I have known of more than one taking up certain literature in my presence and when they read it, they have flung the paper aside and condemned it at once, and I am not surprised at it.

When you sit at circles, do not sit with scrofulous or diseased persons, because, when the perfect battery is formed by a circle of hands, there is a general effusion from the whole circle ; the weak draw strength from the strong, and the strong becomes weakened. When you get manifestations, don't let the subject of spiritualism carry you away, and engross too much of your time, as it is a very absorbing science when you get into it. Instead of letting spiritualism take control over you, you must control spiritualism ; because if you neglect your daily calling through it, as many have done, and thus become unfit for business, you will find that the work left undone, spiritualism will not do for you, neither will it pay your debts. Some say "the Lord will provide," yes—if you use the power He has given you to provide for yourself.

This subject is now engaging much of the attention of scientific men ; so much so, that the men we look to as the first authorities on scientific subjects are greatly divided upon the matter : one class considers it humbugged, but not from investigation ; another considers it the work of spirits, and another that it is psychic or mind-force, and not the work of the departed ; but the thorough investigators of the subject are perfectly satisfied that there is a force in nature—be it spirit-power or not—that is yet unknown to the scientific world, and that the force discovered does not come under any known or recognised law. Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., with Professor Varley and many others, have been tabooed by their colleagues in science as charlatans, illusionists, and madmen ; but this does not stop them in their truthful investigation of the matter. Mr. Crookes for his defence takes up the words of

Galvin. "I am," says Galvin, "attacked by two very opposite sects—the scientist and the know-nothings. Both laugh at me and call me the frog's dancing-master. Yet I know I have discovered one of the greatest forces in nature." And was not Galvin true? All our telegraphs are worked by Galvin's discovery, and the nations of the earth united by the telegraph. And so marvellous is this discovery that when the telegraph was finished at Falmouth, the Prince of Wales telegraphed to the ambassador in India, which message took four minutes and a half in transmission. The ambassador was asleep when the message came, and he sent back a message in less than five minutes to Falmouth apologising for so long a delay; in a few minutes the message went from continent to continent and girdled the world. When Galileo discovered the satellites of Jupiter, a German astronomer said he had not seen them through Galileo-glass, and he did not see the use of them. This is just how men speak of spiritualism, they don't see the use of it, nevertheless it is as much a truth as the discovery of Galileo's satellites, or Galvin's electricity. The astronomers said with glorious shouts, "We shall have a Galileo's folly." Stephenson was called mad when he told the house he could make a steam-engine go thirty miles an hour; but at the same time he knew it would go sixty. The motto of human research is "onward!" We are not content with the discoveries of our fathers only, and they will only satisfy for their season; but as we advance to meet the necessities and requirements of the times, and when men come in advance of their age, bringing hidden things to light, they are called mad. When sneered at by the know-nothings, they have nothing to bear. When a Newfoundland dog passes through the streets, every puppy dog runs out and barks at him, but the noble fellow takes no notice; but when he meets with the scientists like himself, then comes the contest for truth. The discoveries of our age will not satisfy our posterity in the centuries to come; and if those who lived an hundred years back could have known our present advance in science, they would have said the present age is labouring under some hallucination of mind, and gone stark mad. Those who generally oppose a matter are those who have never made an investigation of it; therefore such persons are not competent to give an opinion. There is another class of opponents who never think, but yet with no small degree of self-importance they oppose everything that does not fit in with their

views ; they are like drags on the wheel of progress—they won't do themselves nor let others do. Like horses at a mill, they are always going the same round ; there is nothing to them beyond their own prescribed circle, and when an individual gets up out of the old ruts, and launches into a new field of truth, he is denounced as an enthusiast, a charlatan, and a madman. I know in my own experience I have a great many narrow-minded opponents, who, if they could, would stop my pen. They may harp as long as they like, they will never do it. Let them, if they have any moral courage about them, print a book and show the world wherein I am wrong, and by so doing show my readers a more excellent way. "Preposterous," says one, "a boot-maker writing a book on the seat of the soul—a question that has baffled the minds of men in all ages of the world !" I did write it ; yes, and I can defend it. And what if it had been written by a stone-breaker, a sweep, or a lord : what is the difference ? It would make not one iota difference to the truth. Let my opponents say what they like, I have some of the greatest mental philosophers on my side of the question. And if I have received the highest testimony for my mechanical skill, constant communications assure me that I have also secured it from other quarters for the productions of my pen, imperfect though they are. Spiritualism has been called modern witchcraft, and is considered to be the work of wizards and impostors ; others consider it delirium, optical delusion, softening of the brain, or the work of the devil. If this be all true, the greatest marvel to me is how so many great men can be deceived by it. Can it be possible that men whom we look to as authorities on other great questions, which we receive as truthful, are yet, according to the public view, liars on questions of not less vital importance. It cannot be. Who can say that these gentlemen whose names I am about to give are men that practise trickery to dupe the world ? Alfred R. Wallace, William Howitt, Professor De Morgan, Robert Chambers, C. F. Varley, Dr. J. G. Wilkinson, Professor Hare, Mr. Crookes, and a host of others may be added. Can any thinking man, with one spark of common sense, regard these men as illusionists, or can any for one moment think that, on the honour of gentlemen, they can be a party to dishonesty or trickery ? It cannot be. Not only so, take the great men of the past and their teachings. Swedenborg, Luther, Irving, Wesley, Isaac Watts, Bunyan, and a thousand others : were they all

illusionists? There are now twenty millions of spiritualists scattered over the world—are they all wizards, and parties to trickery? You know it cannot be; and who is the man that has a right to dogmatise to such a cloud of witnesses, when he is not sufficiently versed in the subject to give an opinion? To show you the interest that some of the above-named gentlemen take in this subject, I have copied a few letters and extracts.

Mr. C. F. Varley, F.R.S., wrote a letter to Professor Allen Thompson, of Glasgow, about the attack on spiritualism, made by the latter at the British Association. In answer to the reply from Professor Thompson, the following letter was sent:—

“2, Great Winchester-st. Buildings, London, 19th August, 1871.

“DEAR SIR,—Absence from town has prevented me replying earlier to your favour of the 11th inst. It was not my intention to be offensive to you in my letter, and I did not then, and do not now, consider that I was as hard upon you as you were upon us in your speech at Edinburgh.

“The number of scientific men engaged in investigating phenomena called by some ‘psychic,’ and by others ‘spiritual,’ is so limited that although you mention no names, the public could have no hesitation as to whom you referred.

“It is a singular thing that when Mr. Crookes wrote a paper upon ‘Thallium,’ a new metal, he was believed at once by such men as yourself. When last year I wrote a paper to the Royal Society upon experiments tending to explain that very unusual phenomenon, ‘ball-lightning,’ I was not doubted a moment; but when either Mr. Crookes or I come forward and state that we have seen, in the most unmistakeable manner, phenomena not more startling than those described, (but called ‘psychic’) the scientific world seems to go mad—dubs us liars, charlatans, or madmen, and treats us in the same spirit as the Jews treated Jesus, or the Roman priests Galileo.

“I wish you and all to understand that it is not a question of *belief* in the marvellous on our part, it is a case of *actual knowledge* that these phenomena *do* occur.

“Time after time have I investigated them under conditions in which trickery was impossible, and even insanity insufficient to explain what had occurred. When six thinking men, all in full health, see the same thing again and again, it is impossible for them to be mistaken; and why you should gratuitously denounce what we state we have seen, and when one and all of us are men who are believed upon other topics, I cannot understand. It occurs to me, therefore, that he who is acting irrationally in this matter is neither Mr. Huggins, Crookes, nor myself.

“Why, then, you, who have done nothing whatever personally to ascertain whether we are right or wrong, should go out of your way to ridicule us, I cannot conceive; it is certainly inconsistent, at least, and you may well understand how irritated I felt on seeing you misuse (in my opinion at least) your presidential power, to deter others from investigating forces which we most emphatically declare do exist—a declaration made only after taking every possible precaution to avoid error on our own part.

"In conclusion, I wish to add, that I am as certain of the existence of such psychic force and phenomena, as Messrs. Crookes and Huggins have described, as I am that messages can be and are sent from one side of the Atlantic to the other by means of telegraphic cables, and that I have had as conclusive proof of the one as of the other.

"Very truly yours,
C. F. VARLEY.
"Professor Allen Thompson, F.R.S.,
Glasgow University."

Mr. W. Crookes, F.R.S., editor of the *Chemical News*, is now investigating spiritualism, and he has published an article in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, stating that its phenomena are real, and not delusion or imposture, though he does not know as yet whether they are produced by disembodied spirits. The following letter, which he wrote to Mr Varley, was published in the *Spiritualist* of July 15th, 1870 :—

"20, Mornington Road, London, N.W
July 13th, 1870.

"DEAR MR. VARLEY,—I was very pleased to receive your letter of the 9th inst. in which you discuss some points alluded to in my paper on 'Spiritualism viewed by the Light of Modern Science.'

"You have been working at the subject for more years than I have months, and knowing, as you do, the enormous difficulties in the way of accurate investigation—difficulties for the most part interposed by spiritualists themselves—you will not be surprised to find that I only feel the ground firm under me for a very short distance along the road which you have travelled so far.

"I was deeply interested in reading of your experiments, the more so as I have been working in a similar direction myself, but as yet with scarcely a tangible result.

"You notice that I admit, freely and fully, the physical phenomena. Let this openness be a guarantee that I shall not hesitate for a moment in recording, with equal fearlessness for the consequences, whatever convictions my investigation leads me to—whether it points to a mere physical force, or makes me, as you predict, a convert to the spiritual hypothesis—but I must let my convictions come in my own way, and if I hold somewhat stubbornly to the laws of conservation of force and impenetrability of matter, it should not be considered as a crime on my part, but rather as a peculiarity in my scientific education.

"I have already had many letters, both from spiritualists and from leading men of science, saying that they are glad that I have taken up the subject, and urging me to continue the investigation. In fact, I have been agreeably surprised to find encouragement from so many scientific men, as well as sympathy from the good friends I possess amongst the spiritualists.—Believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours,

WILLIAM CROOKES."

Mrs. De Morgan has written a book, entitled *From Matter to Spirit* (Longmans), where she gives many interesting particulars, the result of ten years' experience in spiritualism. Professor De Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London, in his preface to the book, says :—

“I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, co-incidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me.”

Dr. Hooker, in his opening address, as President of the British Association at Norwich in 1868, spoke very highly of the scientific attainments of Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, F.L.S. Mr. Wallace is an avowed spiritualist. Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, the inventor of the Hare's Galvanic Battery, once refused to witness spiritual phenomena, alleging that Faraday's “unconscious muscular action” theory explained all the facts. A friend wrote to him, detailing things he had seen which were inexplicable by that theory. Hare at once, like a sensible man, went to see for himself. The result was that he came into communication with some of his own departed relatives. He then made mechanical telegraphic machines, which were intelligently worked by spirits while the apparatus was screened from the sight of the medium, and he wrote a book recording all these facts.

Many assert that spiritualism is the work of the devil. Unquestionably, communications come from good and bad spirits, but we are to test them, and if they speak not according to the truth we are not to believe them. Now, take a circle of christian spiritualists who live according to the truth ; they sit at a circle ; the controlling spirit requests that they begin their *seance* by prayer ; next to sing “Rock of Ages,” next to read the Psalm, “The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.” Could the devil do this? You know the devil could not do it. Dr. Cumming says “I cannot believe that an evil spirit would speak the truth or attest the inspiration of the bible, for if a kingdom be divided against itself how can it stand.” Others say that spiritualism is the consulting of familiar spirits and is nothing short of witchcraft, which the scriptures condemn, as in the case of the witch of Endor. I ask you, reader, now to test the truthfulness or falsity of this statement, and if you will only exercise common sense you will see that the above assertion is false. Solomon says “he that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is a folly and a shame

unto him." Take two facts connected with Saul, and mark the difference. Saul's father has lost his asses. Saul goes to look for them. Saul's servant said that he could direct him to an honorable man—a man of God—who would tell him where his father's asses were. Mark what the scriptures say upon this point. (I Book of Samuel, ix chap., 9 verse.) Beforetime in Israel when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake, "come and let us go to the seer," for he that is now called a prophet, was beforetime called a seer. (A seer is what spiritualists in the present age call a medium.) Saul, then, on his way inquires for the house of Samuel, the seer, or medium. It is a wonder why those who say so much about the witch of Endor do not also say Saul is inquiring for the house of a fortune-teller. He wants to know where his father's asses are. And what is the difference between Saul's inquiring of Samuel where his father's asses are, and others enquiring of the witch of Endor where they had lost their purses? Directly I will explain the difference. Saul meets Samuel at the gate of his house, and not knowing him, said "can you tell me where the house of the seer is?" "I am the seer," says Samuel, and before Saul had time to ask a question, Samuel said "come in and I will tell thee all that is in thine heart ; as for the asses lost three days ago, set not thy mind upon them for they are found." Is not this marvellous? But mark, the Lord from the spirit-world communicated this to Samuel the day before. This fact is not more marvellous than some of the facts of modern spiritualism. Take the case I referred to at the beginning of this report, though the father was five hundred miles away, the children and sisters who were seers or mediums, could tell him on his return where he had been, and what he had been doing, and that the man whom he had trusted the day previous was going to cheat him out of forty pounds. Samuel is a medium under the Holy Spirit : thus all who spoke under this power, spoke truth infallibly, but the other mediums spoke under the control of a departed human spirit. The information required is given just the same, but being a human communication it is liable sometimes to error. But mark this, the Holy Spirit never tells a lie nor makes a false communication. Thus you see all communications must be brought to the truth to be tested. Now the scriptures did not condemn Saul for inquiring about the asses. And before you can say the scriptures condemn spiritualism, you must first prove that the act of Saul in inquiring of the seer was wicked in

the sight of God. To the contrary, the scriptures encourage spiritualism, and it is stamped with the divine seal and sanction. Now comes the point. What is the difference between Saul's consulting Samuel, and his consulting the witch of Endor? Simply this—Samuel was an honourable man, but the witch of Endor was an impostor: this difference I will yet make more plain. Samuel is analagous, then, to the true spiritualist medium. The witch of Endor analogous to the impostors who are the enemies to the truth of spiritualism. Now the witch did not believe in the God of Israel; she was a heathen and believed in the idolatrous gods of the Moabites. Saul forsaken of God for his wickedness, (for the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams nor by urim, nor by prophets), goes to this fortune telling impostor, the witch of Endor, who belonged to a tribe that God would not allow His chosen people to associate with. Here you must see the three-fold sin; he departs from God, he consults an impostor, and he holds intercourse with a tribe which is forbidden. Saul is disguised; the witch is afraid of Saul, the king hears of it, she will be put to death with the rest of the fortune-tellers and wizards, and while she is talking she is frightened equally as much as Saul; for she said she saw God or spirits come up out of the earth, and Samuel amongst them. You must here see the terrible sin Saul fell into, which so kindled God's anger. It is the consulting of wizards, fortune-tellers, and impostors, that the scriptures condemn, because they are soul deceivers, and they lead away from the truth and the true God. And who does not hate such soul deceivers, and, in justice to their moral sense, say—stamp them out. But mark the difference, the consulting of an honourable man was and is sanctioned by the word of God. Now there are thousands of honourable christian spiritualists who are mediums, who love their Saviour, and are as faithful to their God as any man can be. They are equally honourable with Samuel—one of the same brotherhood—joint heirs with the same Lord and Master, and over whom God and His angels have the same special care. Where, I ask, is the individual who on the honour of a man, can in justice to his God and conscience, call these honourable christian mediums impostors, or who can class them with the witch of Endor? No sane man, surely. Now don't, I say, take up the witch of Endor and hurl her as a stone against the truth of spiritualism; if you do, you will abuse your own common sense. Again, take the viii. chapter of Isaiah. The

Jews depart from God—the Assyrian army threatens them for their wickedness, God warns the chosen remnant of his children against—who—the honourable men? No, but against the infernal liars and impostors. “And when they shall say unto you, seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto wizards that peep, etc.” To the law and the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them. Don’t again pick up these impostors and class them with the truth of spiritualism, it has no parallelism with spiritualism ; as light and darkness, they are opposed to each other. Again, see Acts of the Apostles, ix. chap.—The apostles met a damsel, a fortune-teller ; a witch, a wizard, an impostor. I will give you names enough that you shall not misunderstand me. This damsel brought her master much gain by soothsaying or fortune-telling. With her mouth full of cant (who does not hate cant and mock faces?) and hypocrisy, she says “these are the servants of the Most High God, who show us the way of salvation.” Paul commands the evil spirit to come out of this fair-speeched whited sepulchre, and if you want to know what a whited sepulchre is, you should just look inside of one that is white-washed outside, and see the corruption and stench. Oh, horrid ! if I did not hate impostors as much as I hate the devil, I should never write so emphatically. Imposition, then, is what the scriptures are so indignant against, and is a thing accursed of God, but this is no argument to throw against the truth of spiritualism, which is not to be condemned because of its impostors, any more than the Christian church is to be condemned because some of its members cheat and swindle under a profession of religion. Those who attack spiritualism before inquiring into it, show a want of charity. It is a bad habit to preach charity and not to practice it. Archbishop Whateley says “any amount of detected mistake or imposture will no more go to disprove a well established fact, than the detecting a number of pieces of counterfeit coin will prove a genuine shilling or sovereign not to be genuine silver and gold.”

Many say, “What good is there in spiritualism ?” In answer, I say, like all the works of God it is a power for good. James Montgomery says, “Every pure truth science discovers must be a revelation of God in the universe, and a new confirmation of the authenticity of that word which reveals the things that are unseen and eternal.” I was introduced to a gentleman in London who

was once an avowed infidel ; he pooh pooh'd at spiritualism, but was invited to attend several *seances*. He did so, and was convinced of the immortality of the soul, and is now a convert to the Christian faith. If this were all spiritualism had ever done, and it never did any more, it has in this case turned a sinner from the error of his ways, saved a soul from hell, and hid a multitude of sins. Thus there is in heaven more joy amongst the angels over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine that need no repentance. Do you believe that angel spirits rejoice over returning prodigals ? If you do not, you do not believe the bible. If you do believe it, you are a spiritualist. The fact of the matter is this—one half the world do not know what they believe, and simply because they have pinned their faith to somebody's coat, or have been led by the nose, like the bull is by a ring and staff, and they never think for themselves ; thus they swallow down all that is told them, and cannot give you a reason for the hope that is in them. Again, G. Damiani, the gentleman I met, and with whom I sat at a *seance*, was a sceptic, and in his own words, he says, "I conceived man to be but a very acute monkey." This gentleman is now a zealous convert to the truth, and he told me he feared not death, but rejoiced in the hope of a future. Spiritualism has done for these two gentlemen what the preaching of faithful ministers has failed to do ; it has been a stepping-stone over the stream of unbelief towards the truth, and had it not been for this stepping-stone, they would have been infidels still. William Howitt was converted from Unitarianism to the Christian faith by spiritualism. Professor Hare disavowed God and the immortality of the soul, and tried to prove the bible false by his writings. He became converted to the truth through spiritualism. He said at last, "I believe in revelation, and in the revelation of Jesus of Nazareth." Dr. Elliston denied the scriptures, and his works approached on atheism. He says, "I am thankful to Almighty God for the blessings He has wrought in my heart and mind through spiritualism : " with the bible in his hand, he said, "This now is my comfort, and hence is my hope." A thousand other cases of a similar character can be found if sought for. The ministers of the truth need not rail against spiritualism, for it has brought many to the footstool of Christ when no minister could have reached them. "God moves in a mysterious way." What does spiritualism want ? Not jealousy, but charity, and the co-operation of every lover of the truth. Robert Cham-

bers said, "What a rich thing is spiritualism for men of the world, if they would be only induced to take a candid view of it ! If I did not believe that the spirits of those who have gone from earth could and do communicate with those who remain on earth, I could believe nothing." Bishop Hall says, "So surely as we see men, so sure we are that holy men have seen angels." Archbishop Tillotson says, "The angels are no more dead or idle than they were in Jacob's time or our Saviour's, and both good and bad spirits are each in the way about us." Adam Clarke says, "I believe there is a supernatural and spirit world, in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness." Testimony is not wanting, but one half the human race will not believe truths admitted. Spiritualism is a truth for all. It verifies the assertions of great men ; it proves that the heaven of the future is not a place of glorified indolence, but a place of activity : that the spirit-world teems with busy life. The mighty train that fills the temple does not always sing hallelujah ; there is no purpose in singing hallelujah to all eternity, and God, you know, is a God of purpose. While the spirits of the departed labour at their heavenly calling, the spontaneous song of praise swells and ever overflows from the heart. The future life is the connecting link, or the working out the fruit, of this life. whether this life be good or bad. Oh, how ought we to live in the face of such stern realities ! Though eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard, etc., yet go a little farther, and you will find that God hath revealed these facts unto us by His Spirit. Dr. Cumming says, "Those who are gone before us recollect this world and those they have left behind them. It seems to me an inevitable conclusion that those who have gone before us must recollect those they have left behind. The life that now is shapes the life that is to be ; the impressions we receive in time we never can forget in the realm of eternity. Separate our growth here from our recollections there, and you separate the individual from himself. Were the past blotted out, for instance, from the memory of some one admitted into heaven, he could not believe himself to be the same person. As long as I am placed anywhere, so long I must recollect what I was, what I have gone through, what influences I have felt, what motives have inspired me, and what progress I have made. Separate in my memory my past from my present, and you annihilate me—you create a totally distinct and different being. We cannot conceive of being expunged in heaven, because

we cannot conceive the individual to be annihilated there." I must now soon come to the conclusions which form the fourth and last part of my report. I would make one more remark before doing so, with which shall follow an extract on the origin of spiritualism.* I am myself, after such evidence as I have given, a decided spiritualist; and, notwithstanding the mystery and impositions practised, such a mass of evidence, apart from these, sifted in the way I have sifted it, is sufficient to convince any man. My judgement being convinced of the truth of spiritualism, I have nailed my colours to the mast, and shall defend them like a man. In my concluding remarks I shall give what the world demands—a reason for the hope that is in me. The tide of spiritualism is in its spring, and is swelling unusually high; and those who try to stop it are like the old lady with her mop by the sea: at a great swelling of the tide, it began to flow into her house, and she went mopping away, thinking she was going to keep it back; but the tide was too strong for her, she had to throw her mop down, take her knitting in her hands, and walk up stairs, and that is what I fear the opponents of spiritualism will have to do.

Now I will come to the fourth part—my conclusions on this great and grand subject. And I say, if it is truth, which I believe it is, it will live; if it is false, it will die. The bible is the only reliable test to try spiritualism or any other *ism* by: and the bible gives me every warrant to believe in the teachings of modern spiritualism. Some passages I quote. "The angels of the Lord are encamped about us." If this is the testimony of the

* "Like all important discoveries, spiritualism had a very small beginning: As the steam engine was first suggested to the mind of Watt by the boiling of a kettle; as the principle of the electric telegraph *flashed* on Galvani whilst looking at the involuntary movements of a frog; so spiritualism had its origin in table-turning and taps,—“inexplicable dumb show and noise.” For many years, towards the commencement of the present century, a mysterious “tick-tick” was heard, at intervals, in many transatlantic habitations, to the great bewilderment of the inmates. In or about the year of grace 1848, it occurred to a Miss Fox, of Hydesville, New York, to question these ticks—“interrogate phenomena” as *you* would say. “What is that?” she asked one night. “Tick, tick,” was the answer. “Does that mean ‘Yes’?” “Tick, tick.” “What is ‘No’?” “Tick.” “Are you a spirit?” “Tick, tick.” “Not a mere accidental noise?” “Tick.” “Will you strike when I point to the letters of the alphabet?” “Tick, tick.” This was the first faint dawn of the new philosophy—a dawn which is now fast broadening into the full effulgence of noon.”

Spirit which cannot lie—if this is the testimony of the living God who has sworn with an oath that, though the heavens shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture will He change them, yet not one word of all that is written shall fail, then it is an infallible fact that I am at this moment writing this report in the camp of the Lord, and that the angels know what I am writing ; for they know my going out and coming in, and mark all my ways. Heaven then is at my very feet ! “How dreadful is this place, it is none other than the gate of heaven to my soul !” Around me ten thousand angels dwell. It is but a thin veil between ; death will soon lift it from our eyes, and the second scene in the great drama of our existence will burst upon us in all its vastness from the spirit-world, and will explain to us at once the mysteries of this, the first scene of our existence. I stand at this moment a denizen of the natural and spirit-world ; take from me my earthy covering, which will gravitate to the earth—earthy, and my soul will be free to live and enjoy a higher life, in a purer and more glorious atmosphere. And my spirit life, because higher in degree, will be a greater and more solid reality than my earth-life could possibly be. The spirit world is close around us ; it is not far away, neither is it beyond the highest star. I have to prove this, and to prove, also, that the departed can and do affect and influence us. When the angels met Jacob, he said, “this is God’s host.” Where did they come from—beyond the highest star ? Oh no ! They only lifted the curtain and made themselves visible. What only a curtain between ? No, only a curtain, for it is said that the angels came to help David, and it was a great host, like unto the host of the Lord. “Is there any number to His armies.” says Job, “and upon whom doth His light arise ?” “For they,” says Moses, “shone forth from Mount Paran, and He came with ten thousand of His saints ?” This is only the partial lifting of the veil. “Thinkest thou,” says our Lord, “that I cannot pray my Father and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels ?” “And I beheld,” says John, when his spirit-sight was opened, while he stood in Patmos ; what did he behold close at hand ? He beheld ; yes, and not only his spirit eyes were opened, but his spiritual ears. “I beheld and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands.” Can you doubt for one moment that the angels of the Lord are encamped about you ; and very near to those that fear Him ?

When Paul had summed up the number of the faithful—those who had been known of the brethren but had been gone before—“Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.” Did the thought ever strike you that all this host of worthies, including your own dear departed friends, is about us—compassing us about—we in the centre? It must be so if they circle around us. Oh, can it be true? Yes, delightful truth, and have you never tried to realise it in its fulness and blessedness? “For are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation?” Are they not all? Who does “all” mean? You see there is not a single departed soul left out—all—all. But some of these ministers are spirits not only of mercy, but of vengeance. While some destroyed the mightiest cities of the earth, others scattered with a vengeance the armies that fought against the Lord. One angel guards, another guides, another administers comfort; while others sing the glad tidings of great joy to the shepherds in Bethlehem; and is it not ever so now? If you believe God’s word, you must believe it is so, for He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flaming fire. And the angel smote Peter on the side, (can a spirit make his hand felt?) and said, “arise quickly,” and the chains fell off his hands, relieved from fetters and trouble. And the Lord sent His angel to shut the lion’s mouth and Daniel is spared—saved from the jaws of death. “As I prayed,” says Cornelius “behold a man stood before me in bright clothing”—yes, to direct a truth-seeking heart. “And the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness”—yes, to comfort her as she mourns over her dying child. When Daniel was cast down, then said he, “there came again and touched me, one like the appearance of a man, and he strengthened me.” Gideon said “I have seen an angel of the Lord face to face,” and the Lord said unto him “peace be unto thee.” And when the devil had left the Great Master after tempting Him forty days and nights, the angels came and ministered unto Him. The bible is full of this blessed truth from beginning to end. O, if we could only realise its power more than we do, how different we should be! We know but very little of the reality. The bible is not a book merely to be read, but to be enjoyed; it is something for the soul to live on, and is as necessary to its health as food is for the body; but those who never try to realise the existence of the spirit-world, nor the truth, what starving souls

theirs must be—almost dead, and like the dry bones in the valley. “Can these dry bones live?” What a change it must be when they do begin to live! I may go on and fill a volume of such testimony as the above by searching the scriptures. All the comfort and support God gave to the above by and through His holy angels He has encouraged us to expect, and have we any ground for doubt with such a pyramid of testimony—evidence piled upon evidence?

We have all of us our guardian angels, and the angels even of little children do always behold the face of their Father in heaven. Can it be possible that these glorified beings walk side by side through the world and through life, and never make their presence felt? Those who really believe in the communion of saints must have felt the power of these invisible ministers. When darkness and distress have brooded over you, has not consolation come in your darkest moments from some invisible source; the dark clouds have been scattered, and light and joy have burst upon your soul? It has been even so; but the man of the world, who is sordid and dead, he cannot understand this, neither can he realise it. Again I say, heaven is at our feet, and the apostle tells us that we are not come to Mount Sinai, that burneth with fire, but unto the city of the living God—the heavenly Jerusalem—and to an innumerable company of angels. I have said enough to prove that the spirit-world is around us. The next question that arises is—is the spirit-world anything in resemblance like ours? Heaven, the spirit-world, is not a previously vacant place filled with saints; but I believe that, as the next life is a counterpart to this, so the next world is a counterpart to this: but the next is a degree higher—a stage further on—there far more glorious and real, though close at hand. If I go on yonder hill, I behold the world flooded with light and splendour; it is filled with God’s goodness. My soul responds and exclaims, “Earth is full of heaven! What is all that my eyes behold, but the outward manifestation of something more real within? Within is the spiritual anti-type of all I see.” Thus says the apostle—the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain, that it may throw off its natural garb as we throw off the natural body—that the death of the natural may be the birth and life of the spiritual world; for we shall look for a new heaven and a new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness. And when we speak of cities with streets of gold—of never-fading flowers—of fields of living

green—there is something analogous to all this ; it is not an idle fancy. The Lord sketched through David's hand the design of the temple. Where did the design come from? From God, and from the spirit-world. To Moses He said, "See thou make all things according to the pattern." Where did the pattern come from? Why, from the spirit-world. Yes, and everything and every creature in God's universe is a spirit-form, clothed with matter, and so cognizant to our natural senses in a natural world, but will be still more real to our spiritual senses in the next. The ideal of God is in everything ; this mighty spirit of all existence pervades the universe, and is therefore eternal ; as it comes from God and originates with Him, it can never cease to exist. Now another question comes—can our departed friends really come in contact with us—because those angels you referred were in the prophetic and apostolic age. Though we have no ground for doubting that the angels influence us, still I believe that our loved departed ones form part of the ministering angels, and that they influence us more than the angels of past ages, because they have an affinity to us : we still love them, though out of sight, and they love us. This affinity draws them close to us, by an invisible cord which death can never sever ; but as they have not the same natural bodies which we once came in contact with in their earth-life, and which were necessary to their existence in this natural world, therefore they cannot influence us nor come in contact with us under the same conditions. But they have spiritual bodies which do not exist under the natural laws of this world ; thus they must come in contact with us through some other medium, which we call supernatural because it cannot be explained by known or recognised laws. Now because the influence exerted by departed spirits cannot be felt and explained under natural conditions, the people say they do not believe it. Now is not such an objection unreasonable? The spiritual is opposite to the natural, and we cannot get supernatural manifestations under natural conditions. A photographer takes your likeness—he draws it from his camera covered with a black cloth in a little case ; you say, "Let me see it." "I can't," he says, "I must go into my dark room to develope it." "Ah, you are going into the dark to practise trickery—the witch of Endor, of course—and if you don't show me my likeness before you go in there, I won't believe." "I can't do it," says the photographer. "And why?" "Because the conditions are not

right. Thus the eternal laws will not permit me to do it in the light ; come into my little room with me, into which is let a little artificial light." You go in, he takes out his plate, which is covered with a white film ; you cannot see anything, but your likeness, nevertheless, is there. He pours on the chemicals, and you see your own likeness developed ; he places the plate before you, and says, " Do you believe it now ? " So with spirit circles—a person says, " Unless you bring up a spirit into this room, I don't believe it." The conditions are not right, but if you form a circle you make a magnetic sphere ; the magnetic sphere in the natural world rests upon the magnetic sphere in the spirit-world, and connection between the natural and spirit worlds is at once established. Now then for demonstrative evidence. A lady whom I know, who never sat at a *seance*, was invited to do so. Being fearful, she sat with trembling : she had not sat long before she heard the voice of her departed father ; the fear then left her. " O," she exclaimed, " my father ! I know of a truth it is you ; I know you by your voice." In another instant her father appeared visible to all the circle, and they identified him as the man they knew in his lifetime. " As sure as my soul liveth, I am satisfied, father, that thou livest." Again, Mr. S. C. Hall, F.S.A., who has published a private circular, from which I have extracted a few notes, has the following (Mr Hall has often sat in circles with Mr. Crookes and other scientific gentlemen) :—

" My sister, who had passed away, opposed spiritualism as anti-christian ; she never would enter a circle. I said to her, ' God will permit you to visit me after you have left the earth ; I wish you to promise me to do so, if God gives you power, for my comfort, and as a helper on my way to Christ.' ' My dear brother, if it be for your good, and God permits it (and He may do so), I will be with you when Hé has called me from earth.' After her departure she appeared in my drawing room in the midst of a circle of mine ; she was visible to all but one. ' Is it my sister ? ' three blows were struck in the affirmative on the table ; she turned towards me and smiled : her identity was exact, I recognised every feature ; the hair was precisely as she wore it, plaited back, and the cap precisely as she wore it ; the Master of Lindsay, now Lord Lindsay, who sat next to me, called it a mutch—the cap of the old Scottish model ; she could at once have been recognised by any one who knew her in her life time. She remained before us for two minutes—long enough, if a photographer had been there, to

photograph her. I wrote this statement to Judge Edmonds, of America, on the testimony of those present. Miller, in New York, was charged with fraudulently pretending to make photographs of spirits long departed, the charge was refuted by evidence which the presiding magistrate deemed sufficient to justify his discharge." What a grand testimony this is for my book *The Seat of the Soul*, wherein I had endeavoured to prove, without a knowledge of spiritualism,—but not apart from the scriptures—that the soul was the man, and gave his identity to the body. What about the resurrection of the natural body, after such a testimony as this? I believe in the resurrection of the scriptures—of the spiritual body, which is developed in the natural body, and raised out of it at natural death; just as the new life of the grain rises out of its body and capsule. I believe that Christ is the resurrection and the life to the soul that is spiritually dead, but when you go back into the ages of the past and tell me that the dead carcasses of our fathers that have returned to their natural elements, and passed into ten thousand other bodies, of birds, of beasts, of men, of flowers, and trees, rise, this I do not believe. It is this corruption that has been dragged in by college lore, and has been messed up into a complete batter—earth and spirit—and thus mystified the truth. Flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven: we sow not that body that shall be; there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body, and one is distinct from the other: the former is of the earth, and gravitates to the earth—earthy; the latter is from heaven and it ascends to its like—the God that gave it. Out of Christ, a man is spiritually dead, but he that believeth on the Son of God, it is a resurrection to spiritual life, and natural death has no power over his soul. What has matter—his natural body—to do with it, any more than the matter of this desk I am writing on has to do with it? Nothing whatever, for the body is but the clothing; the soul clothes itself with matter as if with a garment. Thus John Locke puts it as against the Bishop of Winchester—"A sinner has acted in his body, say a hundred years; he is raised at the last day, but with what body? The same, your Lordship says, that he acted in on earth, because Paul says he must receive the things done in the body. What, therefore, must his body at the resurrection consist of? Must it consist of all particles of matter that have ever been vitally united to the soul? If so, then it follows that many bodies must rise or be united to the soul, since in many bodies sin, during a

long life, has been committed (note, Locke here understanding that the body changes every seven years). Natural death seems a necessary means instituted by God so that when man has become matured here he may emerge out of this state to one still higher; and if God knew by His foreknowledge the mighty changes the earth's crust had to go through before it became replete and fitted up for man's use during his developement here, He also knew from the foundation of the world that natural death would pass upon His creatures, and it is a part of His grand and glorious plan, though many attribute it to other causes; and as we step beyond the tombs, and try to lift the veil, do we not find it so? There is no getting to a more glorious state without natural death; which is thus nothing short of birth or new life to the soul; but the spiritual death of the scriptures is a different thing altogether, because natural death does not affect the man one iota, whether he be bad or good, and the man passes by natural death into the spirit world morally unchanged. When we realise the truth of the scriptures, natural death has no gloom, it is birth, new life, to the soul, nothing to be sad about; but spiritual death to the soul is not birth, this is what we mourn over. Natural death to those in Christ who have passed out of spiritual death, has a cheering aspect, and admits us to purer and more hallowed society in a higher and more perfect state of existence. The man who really believes in the bible does not look upon his departed friends as being out of existence, but as near us, though not visible under all circumstances. Does not this thought cheer us as we think of our departed loved ones near us? As I follow the mortal remains of a loved one to yonder cemetery, to me it seems not the pathway of gloom and sorrow, though it seems hard to part, for we feel acutely the separation, though it be but for a season. Every step of the way seems to me the pathway to heaven, the spirit-world, and death and the grave are the open gate—the subterranean passages that open on the plains of heaven. As I look upon the coffin of that loved and departed one, all the affections and memories that united us rush at that moment upon my soul. Can this cold grave separate them? Never! We are still united; the grave has no terror; Christ has driven away by the power of His life and death all gloom and sadness. As I look again into the narrow house, I feel my friend is not there; he is not gone down to the grave; there lies only the garment he wore in his earth-life, and I love and reverence

the spot in memory of him that wore it ; just as I should a treasure or gift from a departed friend. I value my gift, as I do the cold corpse in the grave, not for its intrinsic worth, but in memory of him that wore it. My hopes are not to be buried with the sod, as turned in upon the untenanted house ; the inmate is gone and I look above the grave, and think of him as higher in existence, "absent from the body, present with the Lord," nay, it may be at my very side ; yes, and who is to say that he did not look on while I helped his left-off clothes into its resting place. Does not the scripture warrant all I have said, and if we felt its power we should not go to the grave in long black mummeries, which are too often a farce. I have often said that, when it pleases God to call me away, I wish for no black drapery to bandage up my followers' heads, and instead of mourning and desponding, (though the separation must be keenly felt) if they will only think of me as not dead, but near at hand, though not visible to the natural eye. If they can realise the power of this truth, it will gladden the heart and drive gloom away. When a friend leaves for a foreign land it seems hard to part, but there is hope of meeting again. There is equal hope with our departed friends, and when we meet and are united, the cup of joy overflows as it swells to the brim. Again to turn to our subject, apart from spiritualist *seances*, where is there a family that cannot give you some marvellous testimony for the truth of spiritualism. See the angels, how they have appeared to dying persons ; the veil that divides the spirit world on the dissolution of their natural bodies becomes so thin and attenuated, that the dying are perfectly conscious of what they describe, and not delirious. And how many a mother has kept secret the testimony of her departed one, because she won't have her feelings hurt by scoffs and sneers ! What a flood of evidence we have to prove that friends dying a long way from us, after death are yet very near ! I have heard my mother (who lived at Forde Abbey many years ago) say that the housekeeper corresponded with a young man at sea. One night he came into her bedroom ; her door was locked ; he drew back the curtains of her bed ; (can spirit hands draw back material curtains ? Yes, and they can draw back iron bolts of prison doors) he looked in upon her ; she rose to speak, but he vanished. The news arrived a few weeks after that, stating that he was shipwrecked at that very hour, dying with his thoughts on her he loved ; now freed from time, space, and a gravitating body, he

comes to her with a thought: there is an affinity between them, and a thought free from the body, will carry our spirits from one end of the universe to the other in a moment. The wall of her chamber could not resist the immortal spirit. Have I not told you that a man's spiritual leg can go through a wall? "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." There is a story in the life of a young man, which appeared through the public press a short time ago; this young man's sister, when he was a youth, was ill, and about to die; a friend brought some grapes to moisten her lips at night. "I saw them and ate them. In the night my mother could not find them, she came into my room and said, 'Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes?' She was grieved, and so was I. Some years after, when mother and sister had departed this life, I was shipwrecked, and while clinging to a spar for life, I heard my mother's voice echo over the waves as plainly as ever I heard it in my life—'Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes, Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes, Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes?'" If you want evidence I can give you a hundred such facts as the above, but these must suffice.

I have shewn you that it is not necessary to be flesh and blood to be a reality; this the testimony of all ages confirms. We do not at all times see these spiritual realities for want of proper conditions, but to the prophets the spirit-world and the natural world were visible at one and the same moment of time; this must have been the case with our Lord, and Elisha, too, who, with a double portion of God's Spirit, could see what his servant could not see, for when his servant's eyes were opened he saw the mountain full of the hosts of the Lord, which Elisha saw before: and to sum up the testimony I have so far given, if Jacob could wrestle with an angel who was not flesh and blood—if angel hands can drive back material bolts—if a spirit-finger can make a material impression on the wall of Belshazzar's palace—all this can occur again when there is a special purpose to serve. We may look in hope that God will by His holy angels and by spiritualism, return to us again the powers of the church; and it must be so if His kingdom must come, and His will be done on earth as in heaven. And has He not promised that that power which He gave to the seventies that were sent forth, He will give unto the rest of His children, and that if we have but faith as a grain of mustard seed, we shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and it shall be cast into the midst of the sea.

Spiritualism elucidates to me many of the grand truths of scripture : it not only proves that the dead die not, and therefore the immortality of the soul, a spirit-world, and a future state, but it affords the grandest testimony for the authenticity of the scriptures, as coming from God, and shows to me clearly that the Word is the work of the Divine Spirit. I will give a few points in fact :—A writing-medium writes an intelligent communication under spirit control ; he knows not what his hand is writing, but on looking at it he finds it an intelligent communication—the result of an intelligent, acting agent. Now, reader, it must be madness to say that this is Dr. Richardson's nerve atmosphere doing this, or to say it is unconscious action of the brain ; impossible, it is an intelligent, conscious act on the part of some agent, and apart from the medium. When a person is unconscious he talks nonsense and not sense. It cannot be proved, in my opinion, either by Dr. Richardson's theory, or Professor Zeff's animal magnetism, that these intelligent communications do not come from an independent source. Matter is not an intelligent agent, and mind stands behind all matter. Take analogous facts from the scriptures. Now it is said that the scriptures were written by holy men under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. These holy men, the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and disciples of the scriptures, were mediums ; and just as a medium in our day would write under the control of a departed human spirit, so these men of God wrote under the control of the Holy Spirit. Now these men, it is my conviction, were not mentally conscious of what they were writing in every instance : their hands were instruments controlled by the Holy Spirit, just as David's was when he designed and drew the plan of the Temple of Solomon—the design came through his hand, but that design was a mental act not on the part of David, but on the part of another agent—God ; and David, so to speak, was a dummy (if I may employ the term) through which the Spirit acted. The whole bible is the entire work of God's Spirit. The parts were written several thousand years apart from each other, and by a large number of different writers. Now every part in this book harmonises, making one grand whole ; clearly showing that it is the work of one mind and spirit. If it had not been so, being written by so many different men, with differently constituted minds, the book would have been full of human figments and contradictions : this clearly shows that the bible is the work of God, and not the work

of man. What a testimony, and what an authority for the truth of the bible ! Oh, how such testimony nerves a man ! This brings to my mind another analogous fact :—A medium under the control of a departed human spirit writes and speaks Greek and Latin languages, of which he has no knowledge when in his normal state. Now, supposing this was the nerve atmosphere of the medium, where did this nerve atmosphere get its Greek from ? Certainly not from the medium, or any of the sitters, for not a single sitter knows anything but English. If it is unconscious action of the brain, where did the brain get its Greek from ? Certainly not from the medium, as his brain never contained a sentence of Greek. If it is animal magnetism or electricity, when and where and how long has animal magnetism been an intelligent agent ? From this analysis you will clearly see that the Greek the medium is speaking must come through him from an intelligent agent apart from himself. Now on the Day of Pentecost the twelve Apostles, uneducated in college lore, stood up in the midst of the people, and spoke to every foreigner in his own native tongue, and it is said there were then gathered at Jerusalem foreigners out of every nation under heaven. These twelve men, with differently constituted minds, spoke in twelve different languages the same truth, thus proving that they were not mentally conscious of what languages they were speaking, and that the entire discourse was the work of one mind, and an intelligent spirit—the Holy Spirit—apart from them. Had this been the work of the apostles' minds, without this guidance, their speeches would have been human and full of contradictions. Now to speak in all these languages must be an intelligent act. It would be very difficult for our professors to show that an act like this was produced by a mere atmosphere, or animal magnetism, or any other *ism*. Here, then, is another grand testimony for the truth of God's word. Spiritualism is full of testimony for the truth. There is a striking analogy between the apostles and prophets under spirit control and the medium in our own day : but mark the difference. God's Spirit teaches but one truth, which is infallible ; but human spirits that control mediums are not infallible, therefore their communications are often contradictory. Thus you see that though spiritualism can help us, yet the bible is the true and solid basis of belief ; thus we look to the testimony of God's book, and by that testimony we try the communications, to see whether they come from lying or from

truthful spirits. The bible corroborates all that the truth of spiritualism asserts. The scriptures say that the angels are about us ; spiritualism says the same : the scriptures say the soul is immortal ; spiritualism says the same : the scriptures teach that man is responsible to his God ; spiritualism says the same : the scripture says that what a man sows he reaps ; spiritualism says the same : the scriptures teach the communion of saints ; spiritualists teach the same : the scriptures say there is a natural body and a spiritual body ; spiritualism says the same : the scriptures say that God is a God of justice, love, and mercy ; spiritualism says the same : the scripture teaches that the spirit or soul is a substantial reality, apart from flesh and blood ; spiritualism says the same : the scriptures say that Christ—after the change that took place in his body, so that he could come through the walls of a shut room and vanish suddenly out of sight—was not a spectre but a solid reality. Spiritualism says that departed spirits come through the walls of locked rooms ; shake hands and those spirit hands are felt to be solid realities, and when recognised they vanish out of sight. The scripture says that Christ is God in the flesh ; spiritualism says the same. After all this, please show me how and in what way spiritualism opposes the bible : you must admit she is the handmaid of the truth. Spiritualism is the work of God ; the bible the word of God : they must agree : if there is any contradiction, it is on our part, and because we are imperfect : these two, which God hath joined together, no man, with all his philosophy, can rend asunder.

As so much has been said about good spirits, it will be well before concluding to say a little about bad spirits. Wesley and many great divines assert that we are in our daily calling surrounded by good and bad spirits. Luther said " If we could see how many angels one devil makes work for, we should despair." He was so tried one time by an evil spirit, that he said he flung his inkstand at him and smashed it against the wall. " When I would do good," says Paul " evil is present with me." There are evil spirits that never belonged to this earth, but came from another sphere ; and there are good angels, also, who never lived in this earth, as, when a question is put to them, they will sometimes say it is a mundane question, we can't answer it, we are not of the departed of earth. And so it is with the devils. And there was war in heaven, and Michael and his angels fought

against the dragon, and the dragon fought, and his angels. And the angels that kept not their first estate, but left their habitation, he hath cast out of heaven. Job says "When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came amongst them." The angel of the Lord in the spirit-world disputed face to face with the devil about the body of Moses. Do not good and bad spirits dispute in the next world as good and bad men in this? Now these bad spirits influence wicked mediums. For they are, says the Revelation, the spirits of devils working miracles; the communications that come from these evil spirits through bad mediums are most blasphemous; but understand this, these communications never come through a God-fearing man. Devils believe in the immortality of the soul and a future state, to them it is a reality; and many spiritualists believe in the immortality of the soul and a future state, but they deny the bible, and deny Christ, and, as like loves like, these evil spirits come in contact with evil men, and they preach the doctrine of devils, and not of Christ. Thus writes William Howitt of these mediums:—"By the extravagance of their doctrine, and the wild immorality of their social innovations, they have struck a deadly blow at their own glorious dispensation; thus they have caused sober and reflecting people to start back and stand aloof." Thus you see the battle of life is not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and the powers of darkness; in other words, the battle is against the invisible devils that surround us. Now you can see what the gospel armour is for; for what is the use of a breast-plate, helmet, and sword, if not to defend yourself from enemies? The fight, then, cannot be in our own strength; flesh and blood are not equal to it, but it is in God's strength we fight: He has promised the assistance of His angels to strengthen us. "Resist the devil and he shall flee from you, for mightier is He that is for you than all the powers of hell against you." This earth is a place of trial; see how the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles were tried; and the devil was hard by their sides watching every unguarded moment, and when that moment came, the evil spirit influenced them, and they committed dreadful sins. The Lord said unto Simon, "Satan desires to have thee, to sift thee as wheat." We are only safe while we trust in God. "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

In conclusion, I would say—as surely as Paul was caught up into the third heavens and saw unspeakable things—and as surely as

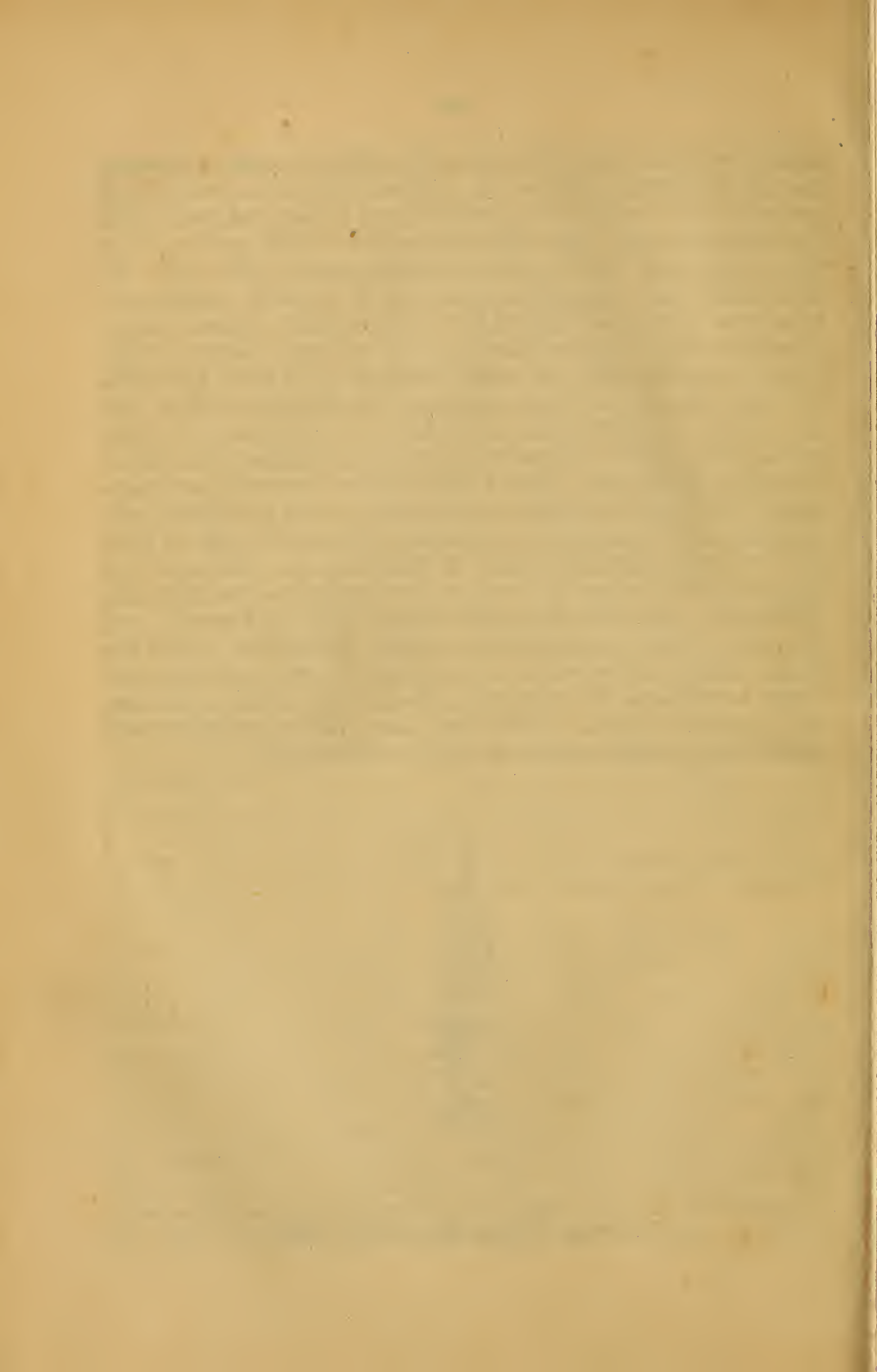
Jehoram received a written communication from Elijah four years after he had been taken from earth, so surely we can communicate with our departed friends under the necessary conditions ; and though spiritualism has many Simon Magus's who practice imposition and trickery, because they cannot possess the power of mediumship, still this does not affect the truth of spiritualism, which, in my conviction, is a power for good. Spiritualism is just budding when needed, and is running parallel with the scepticism and infidelity of the age ; and leaving all trickery and devilism out of the question, there is a mighty under-current at work, slowly and silently, and by and bye we may expect a mighty swelling and outbursting of the flood, which will bear the truth on its bosom. My report of what I heard, saw, and know on this question is drawing to its close ; I have not withheld anything that would be either for or against spiritualism, and I have done so that you may have both sides of the picture, and from it draw your own conclusions. Had I not gone into the subject, I could not have handled it in the way I have. I trust these pages have proved to you instructive and profitable, and if they lead you to inquire more about your true self, and the future that inevitably awaits you, the report will not be useless in its mission. One fact must have struck you—the importance of this life, and the relation in which it must stand to the next ; and though some may think they are too good for hell and too bad for heaven, and thus look for an intermediate state, or think God is going to perform a miracle in their case, it is all a mistake ; the spirit-world picks a man up where this world leaves him, and the scriptures, in this passage—"what a man sows, he reaps"—has found a place for him. It is how a man lives : and this brings to my mind a stern fact in my experience : I wish to withhold nothing that may be either for or against my book, *The Seat of the Soul*. There are a few exceptional cases where the consciousness of the spiritual limb is not felt so acutely, and this is with those who have no intellectual capacity ; they are mere animals, so to speak, and the more animal they become, the less conscious they are of their spiritual existence. The soul that is animal—the soul that is without knowledge, is not good. Oh what a condition to live in ! Yes, and how fearful to die in ! Is this not a picture of teeming millions of our race ? What a world the spirit-world must be, since these teeming millions after death are morally unchanged. The diversity of character is equally vast in

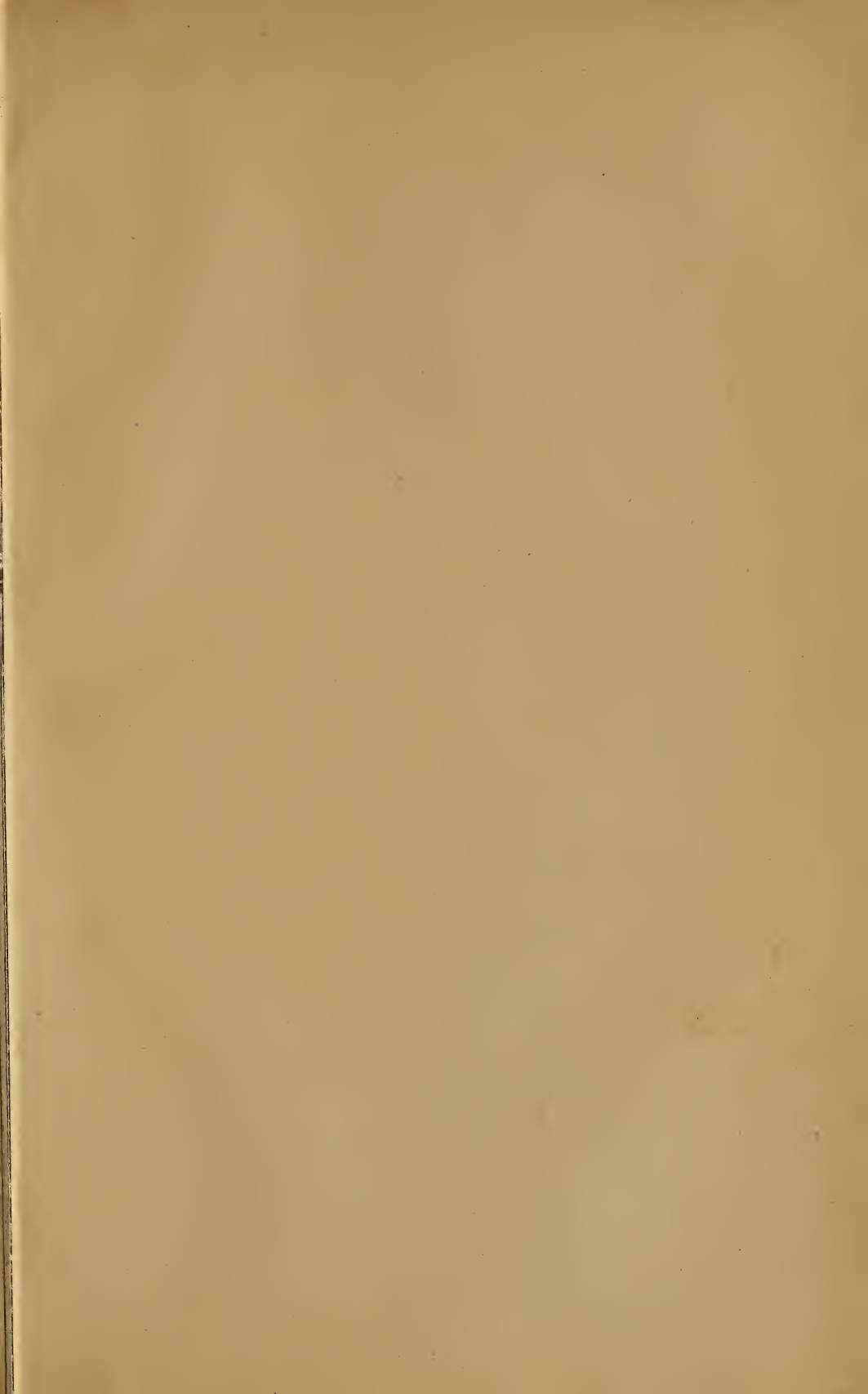
the spirit-world as in this. The man who feels the power of the truth, feels his own blackness to be bad enough, and the higher and nearer he approaches to his Maker, the more he feels his own imperfections. It is only in God's light we see our true selves, and it is only as we look away from self to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life that this human nature (not the physical nature) becomes changed; and light, life, and peace breaks in upon the dead soul. If such is the experience of the believer, how must it be with those of whom we have spoken, who are dead to the realisation of this. It is not what a man believes, then, but how he lives; but do not mis-understand me, he that really believes on Christ tries to act out the Christ life. This belief is a power that transforms the soul. But he that believes and acts contrary, in everything that is dishonest, his belief hath no power to transform the earth-life, but it is the belief of devils; for they believed and trembled. Again, do not think that I intimate there is no hope for the worst of sinners; there is hope: a son who is wicked and wild pains his father's heart; the father troubles not about the obedient children, but grieves over his wayward son. The son returns and acknowledges his sin, and is sorry from his heart for his disobedience and wickedness. Does the father chastise him? No, but his heart is filled with joy, the tear of pity trickles down his cheek, and he embraces his child, and admits him to his favour. Now God is no less fatherly; but remember, he that comes in at the eleventh hour though he may be a door-keeper in the house of his God, loses by his earth-life a certain amount of glory; while he who has turned many from wickedness to righteousness, shall shine in heaven as the stars for ever and ever.

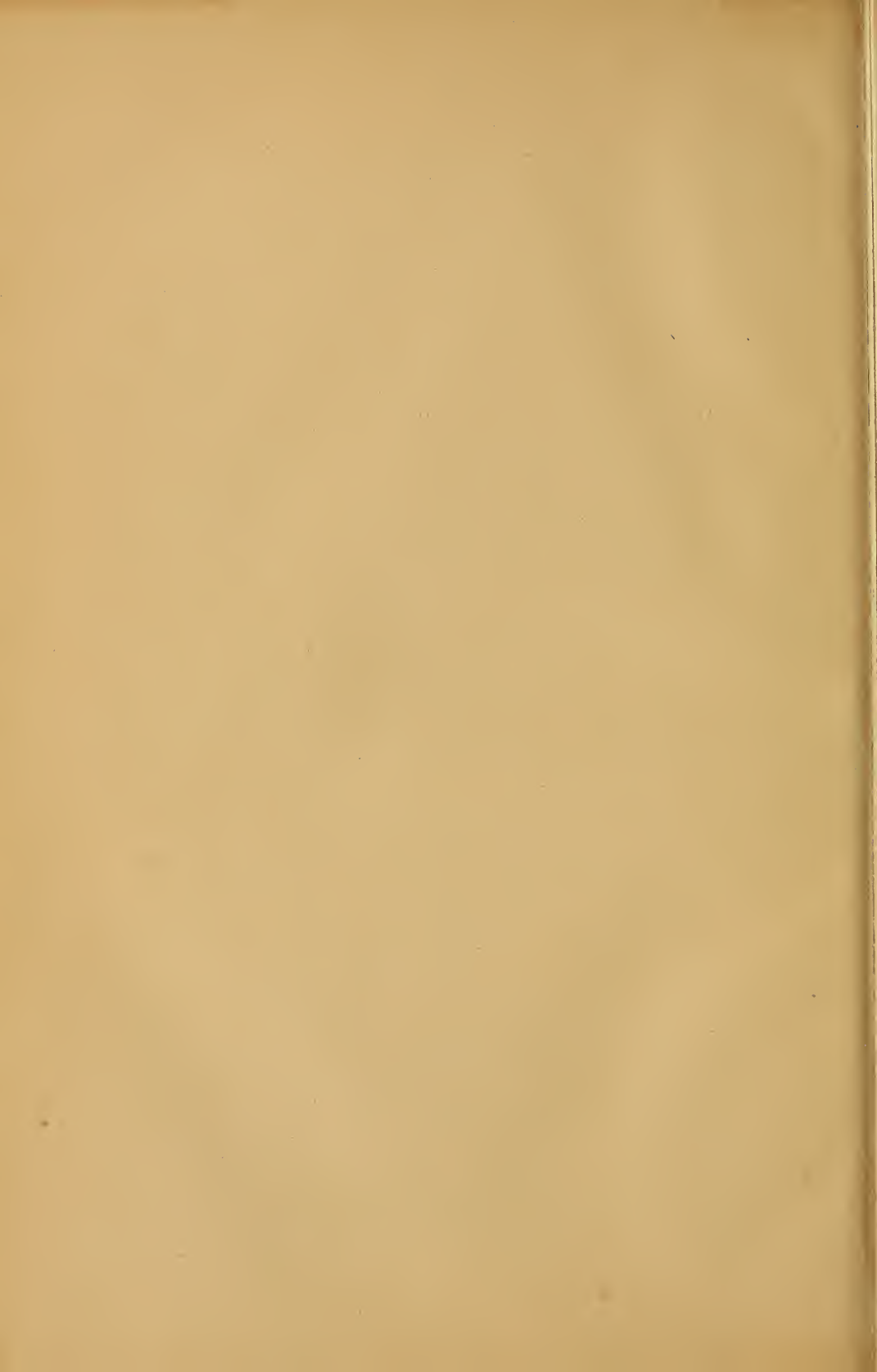
Now, reader, I must bid you farewell for the present. If I have said anything which in your view is contrary to the truth, do not receive it. In Mr. Dickens's words, "receive no man's construction of the letter, but prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." Give to me the same liberty of thinking as I grant to you, and do not say of christian spiritualists that they are like the Jews and Greeks, looking after a sign, and some new thing instead of studying the scriptures. This was implied of the unbelievers outside the pale of the Christian Church, and is no argument to hurl against spiritualists who are already on the Lord's side, as they are not looking outside the scriptures for something new, but are perfectly

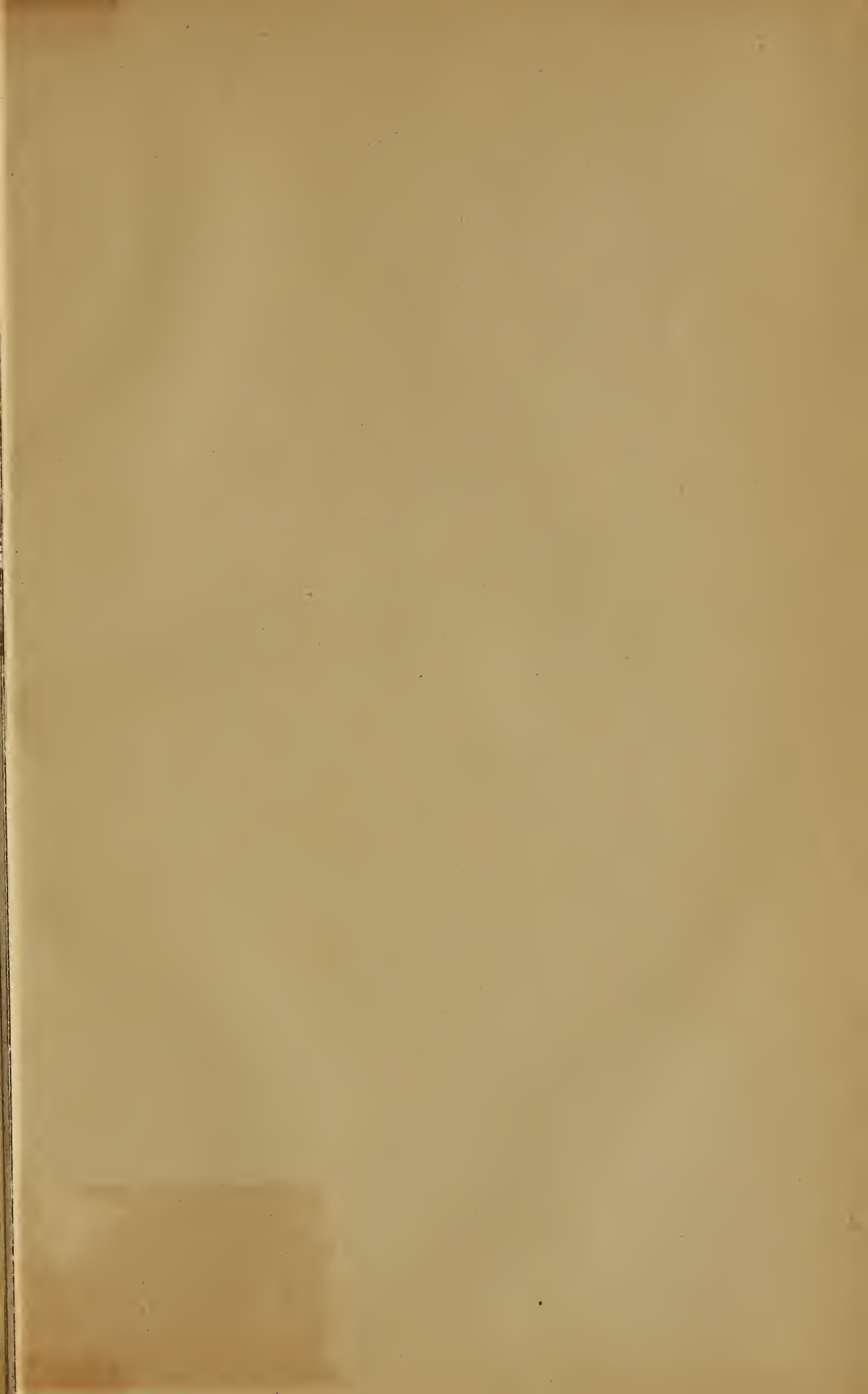
satisfied with the truth of God's word and feel it nothing short of the bread of life to their souls. When men with minds full of prejudice use weapons to oppose, let them be fair and lawful, and let them remember that however opposed anything may be to their view, their view stands as nothing against the truth, for that which was impossible yesterday is probable to-day, and to-morrow it is an established fact. Such is the onward march of science—the handmaid and not the enemy of divine truth. “Man, know thyself,” are words the best of us know but little. Sir Isaac Newton, while he compared all his knowledge to but one pebble or shell upon the beach, saw the ocean of truth stretched out before him, which no human mind had yet reached. A German philosopher, after a life of human research, compared himself to a child who held up its hand to catch a sunbeam, and grasping, as he thought, the sunbeam in his hand, said, “I have got it,” but on opening his hand he found it gone : the best of us know but little when we compare the known to the unknown. “There are yet paths untrodden which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.” “God has caused the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the weak things to confound the mighty.” We have yet much to unlearn, and far more to learn. “There are more things in heaven and earth than we think and dream of in our Philosophy.”











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